

The

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THE GRAIL

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H. C. McGinnis

"NOW is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party" has been written ad nauseam by typing-students. Despite triteness, it contains strong suggestions for times of stress. It defines the time element for positive action and it calls upon *all good men*. It calls the strong-hearted, the faithful, the enterprising, to rally to the aid of the organization which represents their chosen ideals. Let us paraphrase it: "Now is the time for all men of good will to rally to the cause of Christ's Kingdom on earth!"

Recently we discussed the change in the secular press which revokes the taboo against discussions of spiritual values and of religion's place in everyday affairs. We pointed out that secular editorial policies usually follow public desires, causing some observers to sense a national spiritual awakening. Certainly a nation at prayer on D-Day, and the subsequent increased daily devotion to prayer, often by people not ordinarily given much to praying, is a definite indication that the American people will still turn to God, rather than place their sole dependence upon the might of the most powerful military machine the world has ever

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

"Now is the Time....."

known. Having done their best to create a strong striking force in the battle for freedom and justice, they turned to God to beseech His aid in its success. Nor was this a wave of home-front emotion. Reliable reports from Normandy's beach-head tell how American boys knelt in bloody sands to thank God for having been spared thus far and to implore the strength necessary to carry on.

Before D-Day, however, strong spiritual stirrings were noticeable. Even many unchurched had begun to evince an awakened interest in things religious. Boiling everything down, the renewed interest of the unchurched seems to stem from two things: disgust and despair. Thousands of people who long ago divorced religion from everyday life are now seeing the fruits of their error. The almost daily reports of mothers who abandon tiny infants while they make the rounds of gay places; of those who lock small children in their houses while they go out on all-night parties which sometimes fail to end even the next day; of drunken, teen-age youngsters committing all kinds of crimes against morality; of a widespread parental delinquency which causes juvenile delinquency; of racketeering, chiseling, and failure to recognize the common good in a nation at war; all these things have caused a deep disgust with prevailing immorality. Well-behaved unchurched are beginning to wish that their misbehaving neighbors had higher values to guide them than the sordid, selfish individualism and crass materialism which have supplanted God in their hearts. Many are beginning to realize for the first time that a pagan pattern of life must inevitably produce pagan fruit and that, conversely, if one expects mor-

ality's fruits to obtain, one must expect them only from an acceptance of the religious pattern. Utter disgust with the sheer rottenness of immorality appears to be a main cause of the awakening interest in religion's morality.

Despair is the second cause. Since Americans are not naturally a warlike people, the second world-war within a quarter century came as a devastating shock. It seemed so senseless that the world's peoples must periodically settle their difference by wars which cost millions of lives and needless destruction of property. However, they themselves went to war with the full intention of ending brigand-nations for all time and stamping-out evil ideologies which teach mankind the wrong conception of life. They produced the world's greatest effort to provide the military and industrial strength necessary to achieve their aims. Now, with an overwhelming military victory looming closer and closer, they despair of their real aims. They foresee a new balance of power instead of a family of nations and they catch wind of plans to rule the world by force of arms and power-politics. They see European Materialism again climbing into the saddle, while their own leaders utter high-sounding but futile phrases which contain nothing but misty and most vague suggestions for a workable plan for future peace and justice. As they see man's selfishness and greed again claiming overlordship in the way which has caused most past wars, drowning out the idealistic pronouncements of the war's earlier days, they despair that any existing political agency can bring about the principles of international justice for which they are winning a war. Furthermore, they

fear desperately the next world war in which radio-controlled rockets and robot planes probably will girdle the globe to spread destruction among civilian populations. These and death-dealing rays may well wipe out entire nations in a surprise attack by a nation gone berserk in its lust for power and plunder. The difference between today's Superfortresses and the motorized crates which flew in World War I is the same relative difference which will exist between today's death-dealing engines and those of another decade. As they now realize that no political or economic ideology, no matter how excellent, will in itself change the hearts of men, they turn to a Power which alone can make men honest and just when all appeals to their decency have failed. This Power they are beginning to learn is the supernatural in man's existence, the spiritual side of man's nature. Hence they are becoming anxious to learn more about spiritual values and how spiritual strength can be properly contacted for use in temporal affairs. In all this the masses are now beginning to realize what a few have known all along: that the military phases of the present conflict must be followed by a still more desperate struggle between society's spiritual forces and paganism. As the outlines of this new struggle become more apparent, America's people are beginning to rally around their respective standards. Those now definitely committed to either the spiritual or outright pagan standards are comparatively few; the great majority, while automatically placed in the pagan column because of their unchurched condition, are nevertheless people of good intent who have followed pagan standards, erroneously believing them to be the "modern morality" deriving from man's emancipation from alleged old-time superstitions and fallacies. It is these people who are showing evidences of hunger for enlightenment concerning spiritual matters. It is from this well of potential strength that morality's forces must draw if they are to overcome paganism.

Since Americans are by nature idealistic, the trend should be toward

the spiritual conception of life rather than the pagan one when the real showdown comes. If so, this may be the beginning of a great harvest for which American Christians have long prayed. That is, if opportunity's arrival does not find us unprepared like the foolish virgins. What must we do to be prepared? For one thing, we must take a positive stand for religion and morality in both private and public life. This is no time for Caspar Milquetoasts! In the coming struggle, one must be either for or against. There can be no place for the luke-warm. In the Apocalypse, St. John records how the Spirit commanded him to write to the church at Laodicea: "So, because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I am about to vomit thee out of My mouth." There can be no compromise with God or with His laws. We must fight the *good* fight in the army of the Church Militant, not the half-hearted fight of a slacker-minded soldier.

Since St. Paul compared himself to a soldier in his fight for the Faith, it should not be amiss for us to do likewise. Just as the Army has streamlined the soft-pudgy bellies of those grown soft with easy living, converting their owners into so many pounds of fighting wildcat, just so must we pare our personal behavior down to the very core of life's spiritual concepts, so that we may become firm in the Faith. This done, we are ready to exemplify the Christian way to those strayed brothers whose keepers we are. The fact that we are only privates in the Army of Christ does not belittle our importance to the Cause.

We can work wonders by abandoning that apologetic air which so many exhibit when going about their Catholic practices and duties. They are nothing to be ashamed of! They are the very things which a bewildered, befuddled world seeks! It is *Christianity in action* that so many of America's millions now hunger to contact. Catholicism conscientiously practiced is Christianity in action. So let us stop Milque-toasting when we are jibed at for running our households and instructing our young in accordance with what we have been taught! When we meet

unchurched friends on our way to devotions, let us quit hypocritically explaining that we are "just dropping by the church." Let us let everyone know that we rejoice in our Faith and in the strength it gives us in these trying days. This is no time for cringing Christians: let us be bold, courageous, exultant! We dare not, with religion's and morality's future at stake, be like dumb-driven cattle—we must be heroes in the strife! With the fruits of a military victory sure to be lost—and consequently the war's costly sacrifices meaningless—if morality loses the coming greater struggle against paganism, we dare not be otherwise.

In our community life, we must fearlessly stand for Truth, whether our opportunity arises in formal gatherings or in neighborly conversations. We must forget those so-called political and economic "expediences" and urge that the moral solution be applied to all our current problems. We must show the advantages which accrue from the spiritual way of life—that peace and justice cannot prevail unless we are willing to have God's world run by God's rules. In our stand concerning the course society must follow, we must be fired with the zeal and the courage which filled the Apostles after Pentecost, remembering that when God contends with Satan, there is no place in His ranks for the mealy-mouthed. We must insist that our leaders fulfill their trusts in the Christian manner if they are to receive our support. We must be generous in our approbation when they act within the Christian pattern and constructively critical when they do not.

Should the war's idealistic aims fail of achievement, as they now seem destined to do, an almost overwhelming bitterness and disillusionment will seize those peoples who have sacrificed for much higher goals than new balances of power in the world's imperialistic exploitation. Then the time will be fully ripe to point out that nations, no more than individuals, can serve both God and Mammon. But since the majority opinion will prevail, now is the time to rally to the cause of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

A Year of Combat

Cornelius J. Waldo, O.S.B.

FOR the past year it has been my proud privilege to serve as a Chaplain in the V Fighter Command. Most of this time was spent with the first Fighter Group to be organized down under.

From the very start the young fighter pilots of the various squadrons in this new group of P-38 Lightnings took a terrific toll of Japanese aircraft. The score they piled up is almost unbelievable. The going was not easy at first. If you think it isn't hard to fly combat after having been bombed two or three times every night, try it. Nor did we escape unscathed. The grim hand of death plucked a young life from us on many an occasion—a life sacrificed on the altar of War. These common dangers, these losses, the terrific strain of war in the air and in the jungle brought these young souls very close to me, their Chaplain charged with the responsibility of their spiritual welfare. I cannot forget

the gratitude of those, many of them dead now, who knew so little about God and eternity. They grasped hungrily for every little crumb of the eternal truths. For you can't face death daily and not turn to Almighty God, the Author of life and death.

But the tide has been turned at long last due to the dogged persistence of American and Australian aerial and ground offensive action, together with the splendid performance of the Navy and Marines in the area. The Japanese need no longer be feared as supermen. Indeed, judging from the appearance of the prisoners I have seen, I can't help wondering where the rumor started. It strikes me that they are victims of a fanatical Emperor

worship foisted upon them by the wealthy Mitsui and Mitsubishi families and that they are but pawns in the hands of a cruel breed of officers.

It is with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving on

my lips that I say that it can now be stated that the battle for New Guinea is drawing to a close. With the occupation of Biak Island recently, General MacArthur announced the "strategic" finish of the campaign. So ends an immortal chapter of courage and endurance which in less than a year has won us back New Guinea. A phase of the Pacific war has passed. What next?

Without false optimism, without blinking at facts or exaggerating wishes, I think it may be said that Japan is now gripped by a terrible dilemma. Her navy has receded into third place, is inferior to that of either Britain or America, and her air force today cannot compete with the British or American air forces.

Thus she has lost command of the air and sea. The ships of her merchant fleet are being sunk in great numbers, especially her tankers. Japan has already seen one Axis partner defeated, and now sees Germany, her other partner, in the throes of annihilation. She knows a crushing blow will come, but she does not know and cannot know where it will fall. Nippon is, in fact, threatened from every point of the compass. She can expect one thrust from the direction of the Aleutians and Kurile Islands. Tojo sees a powerful American fleet over the horizon to the east, past Wake Island, and at Pearl Harbor, waiting to even the score. He has seen his forces in the Southwest Pacific defeated and driven back from the islands Japan has spent



Capt. Cornelius J. Waldo, O.S.B.

20 years fortifying. He expects an attack from the western side of New Guinea or from Australia on Timor or perhaps on Java direct.

In the west, the emperor sees Lord Louis Mountbatten's force preparing for an onslaught, somewhere, some time. Maybe the attack will come on the island of Sumatra, perhaps in Malaya or Thailand. At several points on Burma the Japanese are being forced to give ground. General Stilwell's army is defeating their troops in Upper Burma. The Chinese also are pressing them hard in the same zone. In China itself the Japanese are still trying to defeat the Chinese—a task that has engaged a huge bulk of their forces for more than six years and still there is no sign of finality. In the north the Japanese worry about Russia, not knowing whether they will have to reckon with the Red Army and Air Force when Germany is liquidated. Thus Japan must one day expect probable and simultaneous attacks from the north-east, from the east, from the south and from the south-west with China's teeth still firmly embedded in her hide to the west. All of these dangers threaten her. Japan's armed forces are scattered over a vast area waiting for blows to fall somewhere. She cannot have the benefit of "interior lines" since she has insufficient ships to move troops from one area to another to meet the surprise attacks. She must provide a force at each outpost strong enough to defend its own area without help from anywhere else. Already the Nips know the bitter taste of defeat. Their fleet is playing hide and seek with the US Navy. They anticipate the arrival of the British Fleet from European waters at any moment. Japan's air force, having learned from costly experience that it is now inferior to those of her enemies, has been grounded in havens of refuge. Her army has suffered the painful defeat in New Guinea, on the Marshall Islands, and in Burma. That is the picture which faces Japan.

There is no doubt the Allies are now deciding where to launch an offensive that will start as soon as the men and equipment are freed from the European Zone. It has been suggested a drive through Burma to China to bring our bombers within reach of Tokyo would be the quickest and cheapest way to bring the Japanese to their knees. This is hardly practical. The Burma Road would be our only route for supplying the Allied Army, as well as the Chinese Army. This road could supply only one division, whereas several divisions would be needed for operations on a reasonable scale. In China the problem is equipment, not manpower. The Burma Road would be required to en-

able the Chinese to continue their resistance. Even an alternative route through Burma would be insufficient for our demands. The operations in Burma will continue to be vital so that China can be given the assistance she needs and deserves.

The most important drive against Japan will be the naval drive from the Marshalls to the Philippines. This must be done in stages in order that the navy can be given landbased air protection. Even though the US Navy has become very strong in carriers, land bases are essential, the range of seaborne aircraft being limited. In addition to this, there must be another offensive from the west. By opening several fronts we can best use our overwhelming superiority by sea and air. Moreover, we can best split the already depleted and insufficient strength of Japan.

It follows, therefore, that Mountbatten's offensive should be made as powerful as possible. This push could be accomplished via the western end of Sumatra to Malaya. A necessary preliminary would be to drive the enemy from his air outposts on the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. There are several alternatives. One very effective attack would be through the west of New Guinea to capture Aroe, the Tenimbar Islands and Amboina, then on to the Celebes. From there the journey could be continued to either the Philippines or Borneo. Another would be to take Timor, then to continue to Amboina or across Java. Although Japan is going downhill every ounce of energy and will-power will be required before victory is in our grasp.

As I conclude these observations after a year filled with those tense dramatic moments only the stark realities of combat can produce, my heart is filled with a horrible dread that lives I have seen snuffed out may have been sacrificed in vain. Yes, the tide has been turned, and the turning of it has been paid for dearly by many a heart-broken mother. We will win the war, but it will not be appreciated, I am afraid, by those self-complacent egoists who have never been any closer to a war than a newspaper or newsreel.

O Mary, you saw Him go away,
Away from your home in Galilee,
Away to the garden of Gethsemane,
Away to the summit of Calvary—
O tender Mother to thee we pray,
Please comfort war mothers of today!

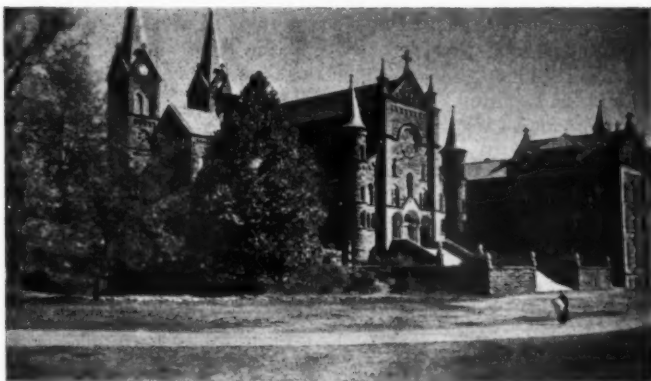
Benedict's Bread in Indiana

John Thorn

AT the Benedictine Abbey of St. Meinrad, Indiana, every day some two hundred and fifty pounds of bread are taken out of the ovens at the model, modern, scrupulously clean bakery. They smell sweet and clean and God-like. One may not connect Omnipotence with a loaf of bread, but in these loaves of the staff of life, more than in the exquisite chimes, more than in the chanting and singing of the hundreds of boys' and monks' voices, more than in the taste of their own vintage wine, like unto one of France's choicest, does one sense the profound message of St. Benedict to this warring world.

The Benedictine Monks seem to those outside the Catholic Church vastly different from any other order. There seems to be no bigotry, no intolerance, no pokey pious atmosphere which just oozes about so many Catholic and Protestant and also Jewish institutions of learning. A visit to St. Meinrad makes one wonder why St. Benedict's name is not hailed by more of the people today who are sincerely trying to carry the torch of TRUTH to all, no matter where they find it.

St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas have their names in large letters on University domes; but this humble Saint of Subiaco, born in the city of Nursia, in the year of 480, though brought up in



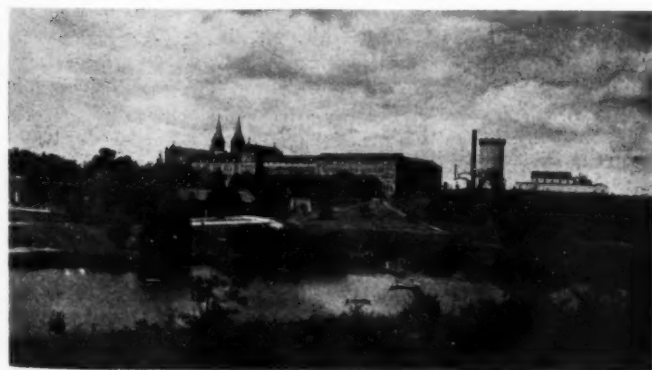
Abbey Church from the Northwest

a Pagan regime, really swung the whole of Europe to Christianity.

In the first inning of Christianity, he taught and his followers lived a real Communalism within the Benedictine Monasteries, (or Abbeys, as they are called in true Benedictinism,) which the world would do well to hark back to, for it is most applicable to all nations and all types of people all over the world today.

The remarkable thing about Saint Benedict is that although he lived in a cave and spent much of his life as a contemplative, he realized the frailty and weakness of man. He knew humanity's great need of security and homelife. He himself said that his Rule was not an ideal of perfection. In everything (unlike so many Saints) he was so moderate and reasonable, yet withal sincerely spiritual. He seemed to know how to show mankind harmony of body, mind and soul, where most Saints, spiritual masters, and psychiatrists, are dining into our ears that our threefold nature is tearing our inner man to pieces, waking or sleeping.

One thing stressed greatly by the wise Benedict to his early followers is that *God loves to build on nothing*. To the Benedictines this applies to both *Soul and Soil*.



Seminary View from South

Today there are so many souls in this world who because of economic pressure seem to have nothing to build on. They have to live through necessity as austere a life as Benedict lived through choice. Countless peoples all over the world are hungry. Many have their loved ones torn from their very arms. For little slant-eyed sailors and strong Teutonic aviators are just as precious to their mothers, sweethearts and wives, as are our own loyal men with that immortal brave MacArthur. Everywhere hearts are bleeding, souls are striving to see the LIGHT. Those who really know say that the suffering of the German army this past winter in the Russian snows was possibly the most awful torture that will be endured in this conflict. All these agonies of body, mind, and soul, the Saints took unto themselves voluntarily. The world of today, being driven by the Four Horsemen, Pestilence, Famine, War, and Death, is forcing many of us sitting in this chariot of hate to suffer these things, not by choice but by necessity. Yet perhaps some will come out of this Inquisition glorified, perchance deified. For man who can really love in this world of hate has reached toward divinity.

With all his asceticism, Beloved Benedict believed that the family was the common denominator for all nations and all people. *Work and Prayer* were the hinges upon which the gates of Heaven swung. Those who sought him for counsel were told that they must first SEEK GOD, then share all they had of material and spiritual gifts with their fellowmen. He built on a Christian Monastic Family. Individualism was not for humanity. This group believed that communal service to others cleansed and sanctified the individual soul as it did Benedict's even unto Sainthood.

We quote Louis Ward, whose interesting work *Back to Benedict* gives a detailed account of Benedict's influence on the entire world. He says "The Benedictines chose waste places to build their monasteries. This fact has had a tremendous influence on the history of civilization. The hillside was what they term today, submarginal land. The swamps below had to be drained. Bridges had to span creeks, streams, and rivers. Roads had to be built. It was economic pressure that made the Benedictines the foremost agriculturists of the world, the foremost

horticulturists, the leaders in animal husbandry, the keepers of the colony of bees for cross-fertilization. The Benedictines applied, through sheer necessity, all their mental powers to make a wilderness productive."

Into just such a waste space, almost one hundred years ago, two sturdy Benedictine monks from Einsiedeln, Switzerland, came to establish a community of Benedictines in Indiana.

These monks not only laid the foundation of what has become a fine Monastery, college, school, and exquisite church with a high altar surpassed by none in any Cathedral in the United States, but they started out then, nearly a hundred years ago, serving their fellowman. The natives then living in Indiana had come from Germany, France, and Italy; there were, too, a goodly number

of our first Americans, the North American Indians. These monks looked after this melting pot of nations both spiritually and materially. They opened a stone quarry, still owned and operated by the monastery, which is sending stone to build Churches throughout the United States. They farmed the land and employed all the men they could find both on the farm and in the dairy. From the first days of St. Meinrad until the present time this portion of the State of Indiana has been a monument to real communal living. There has



Console and Schola

never been a depression around the Monastery; no one has been on relief who ever depended on the Abbey for work. Again we quote *Back to Benedict*. "In the days when Benedictinism flourished the poor did not have to sit for endless hours on benches of the welfare agency, later to be subjected to a third degree of their personal lives, treated as crooks and investigated to the point of criminal persecution. The Benedictine Almoner was at the monastery gate ready to hand to the poor their requirements. . . . The poor man was received as if he were Christ at the gate. Today we see the poor and draw a check to some Community Fund." Many dare not meet the poor face to face.

The old feudal system has long since passed away. In its place is modern capitalism. Today this has been subdivided into Totalitarianism and Communism. Democracy sometimes seems like the Cinderella of Political regimes (please God she may

win out like she did in the fairy tale.) All the wars in this world will not free men from the yoke that the machine age and capitalism have laid upon them. This can only be lifted and the wounds which it has left bleeding on their shoulders healed, by a spiritual power, that power which men seem to contact when great crises arise. It was this power that came to Benedict and made it possible for his poor, lowly and humble followers to found 35,000 Benedictine Monasteries all over Europe. These Benedictines served humanity from the year 500 to 1400. These were not Dark Ages, they were the centuries when the light of the brotherhood of man and the love of God was piercing through what then seemed—as it does today—a blackout of everything that man has striven for. Benedict's day was comparable to our own. For these few centuries it looked as though the Mission of Christ on Earth were to be accomplished, but greed of those in control of the medium of exchange in all centuries has, more than any other one factor, held back the dawn of Benedict's dream.

A little Reformed Protestant Minister in 1782 put into words what was then, is now, and ever shall be the cause of all the unrest, revolution and

war of all nations of the world, for wars have always and always will be "bought and planned by plotting few, but fought and fanned by me and you." The Rev. W. Jones said first, "There was no land tax and no poor tax when the monasteries existed. *It may please God still to increase the poor until they swallow the rich, who devoured them.*"

No one has chosen to be fabulously rich, nor has anyone by choice demanded to live in dire poverty. Hence no individual or even group of people is responsible. But the monster in this world who has led us to the brink of ruin is not one or all the dictators but the monster who has made this a fact, viz., that a handful of people wield the entire wealth of this world; no matter how they shuffle it, they hold the deck in their hands.

To this non-Catholic and oftentimes unbelieving author the only glimmer of hope that has broken through the blackness of this bullet-ridden, blood-soaked world came when the sweet smelling loaves of bread came out of the ovens to feed the boys, the monks, the poor. It seemed as if one could hear the actual words; "I am the bread of life." ... How far-reaching has been Benedict's bread in Indiana?



While Father Cornelius ministers to the men fighting the Japs on the other side of the earth, Father Fintan with his irrepressible love of work feeds the home army. From before sunrise till after sunset Father Fintan is busy in our large garden. His brother, Father Alfred Baltz, is chaplain with the American Army in Italy.

LITTLE QUEEN

THE STORY of SAINT THERESE of the Child Jesus

for Children

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Elaine Davis



Therese Martin, April 8, 1888, the day before her entrance into the Carmel of Lisieux, at the age of 15 years and 3 months.

Nearly every Catholic child has heard of the Little Flower of Jesus. St. Therese of Lisieux, known popularly as "The Little Flower," wrote her own biography under obedience. At the time of her canonization many facts came to light which out of humility or forgetfulness were omitted in the autobiography. Miss Windeatt has drawn on this material for the present life of St. Therese. It has been running for several months in THE GRAIL. Back numbers are available for those who did not receive the first chapters. The entire series will be published in book form this fall. Because of difficulty in arranging contracts for binding, no definite date can yet be set. While the story of the Little Flower is written primarily for children, adults will find it refreshing and inspiring.

A year after I entered the Benedictine Abbey as a day student, Pauline decided to be a Carmelite nun. For years I had felt that some day she would give herself to God but now that the fact really was definite my heart almost broke. Pauline, my "Little Mother," was going away! Never again would she be at *Les Buissonnets* to greet me after an unhappy day at school!

Seeing my distress, Pauline did her best to comfort me. She explained the beauty of the Carmel-

ite life, telling me that she was going away to pray and suffer for souls. Priests would be her particular care. She would offer her life that God would bless the world with many good and holy priests.

My sister's words impressed me deeply and one night my heart thrilled to a sudden and wonderful knowledge. I, too, was called to be a Carmelite nun! To me, at the age of nine, God had spoken His message. Hurriedly I set out to find Pauline to tell her the wonderful news. Now there was no need for us to be separated. I also would go to the monastery to pray and suffer for souls.

Instead of laughing at the idea, Pauline embraced me tenderly. Then, as gently as she could, she explained that little girls of nine cannot be nuns. The laws of the Church will not allow it.

"Later on you will be able to come," she said kindly.

It was a bitter disappointment that I could not accompany my sister to Carmel. I explained matters to the Prioress, Mother Mary Gonzaga, who listened patiently to all my troubles but in the end agreed with Pauline; I could not be a Carmelite at the age of nine. Later on the nuns would see whether or not I had a vocation.

I was heartbroken. School became a real torment. Even *Les Buissonnets* lost its charm, for my "Little Mother" was no longer there. She had left me to become Sister Agnes of Jesus. When I visited her in the convent parlor, there was an iron grating between us. No longer could I claim her as my own.

A few months after Pauline left us, Papa went to Paris. Marie and Leonie accompanied him while Celine and I continued our school work at the Abbey. Alas! The strain of my big sister's departure for Carmel soon began to tell on me and

during Holy Week I fell ill. Uncle Isidore sent word to Papa that he had better return to Lisieux at once. His little Queen was in a serious state.

Poor Papa! He had been enjoying his visit in Paris, particularly the opportunity of taking Marie and Leonie to the beautiful Holy Week services. But he promptly left everything to return to my side. There was good reason for this, since in the days that followed I became desperately ill. Sometimes I did not even recognize Papa. I cried out that his hat was a terrible black beast. I turned away from my sisters and even tried to throw myself out of bed!

Sadly the doctor announced that he could do nothing. Even if I did recover, my mind would be affected. Only prayer could help. At such dreadful news, everyone set to work to ask God for my cure. The result of this was a slight improvement and when the time came for Pauline to receive the Carmelite habit, I was allowed to be present at the ceremony. The next day, however, I was much worse. In despair Papa wrote to Paris to have a novena of Masses offered for me at the Shrine of Our Lady of Victories.

On Sunday, during the novena, Marie went out to the garden for a little walk. Leonie was reading near the window. Suddenly I began to call for my big sister. Marie rushed back to my side but it was too late. I could no longer recognize her. It seemed that only the Devil was present. He was everywhere about me, fighting to take my soul from God. In vain I tried to escape his clutches, to jump out of bed and run away. He would not allow it.

My sisters were beside themselves with fear. What had happened to their little Therese? Her face was twisted and strange. She no longer knew them. Marie was particularly upset, for since Pauline's departure she had become my second mother. In a sudden burst of grief she threw herself upon her knees at the foot of my bed.

"Don't let Therese die!" she cried, casting a fervent glance at a statue of the Blessed Virgin. "Holy Mother, give her back to us strong and well!"

Leonie and Celine joined their prayers to Marie's. I also made a silent petition for help. To all appearances I seemed unconscious but it was not so. I knew my sisters were storming Heaven for my life.

Suddenly a wonderful thing happened. Through God's mercy, I felt a marvelous peace flooding my soul. The Devil no longer had any power over me! As the happy thought filled my mind, I saw that the statue of the Blessed Virgin was a statue no longer. It was real! Our Lady, beautiful and ra-

diant in her blue robe, was smiling at me! She had heard my sisters' prayers! I was cured!

Marie was the first to guess the truth. Rising from her knees she came toward me and gazed long and tenderly into my eyes.

"Do you feel better now, little one?"

I nodded. Deep in my heart I knew a miracle had taken place. "But I will tell no one," I thought. "If I do, all my happiness will vanish."

There was no resisting Marie's request, however. In the end I told her what had happened. After all, I could not be selfish with this big sister. Was it not due to her prayers that the Queen of Heaven had smiled upon me and made me well again?

CHAPTER FIVE

MARIE was overjoyed at my cure and went to Carmel that same day to relate the wonderful news. Very soon the story had made the rounds and when I was taken to see Pauline, the nuns were ready with dozens of questions. Had the Blessed Virgin spoken to me one minute, two minutes, five minutes? How was she dressed? Had the Christ Child been with her? Did she appear young or old?

I tried to answer these and other questions truthfully but very soon I became worried. What had happened, really? A miracle, of course, but a miracle which did not lend itself to long description. Our Lady had smiled and cured me. That was all.

Seeing that I was reluctant to talk, some of the nuns made light of the whole affair. Others remarked that I was being wicked in not answering their questions more fully. All this made me confused and tearful. The miracle was now only a source of scruples. Because of it many people thought I was an obstinate child who delighted in being the center of attraction. How much better if I could have kept Our Lady's smile to myself!

I had been cured on May 13, 1883, at the age of ten years and four months. The following spring Marie undertook to prepare me for my First Communion. I listened eagerly to her instructions and asked if I might spend half an hour a day "in meditation," a practice of which I had heard at school and which I felt I should learn.

Marie refused, for she was still fearful of my health. Then I begged permission to spend fifteen minutes in daily meditation. Again I was refused. Regretfully I stopped asking for the great favor but on half-holidays from school I went to my room, sat down on the bed and pulled the curtains about me. Hidden in this way I thought about God, the shortness of life, the mystery of eternity. Marie

soon suspected what I was doing but I was not scolded. She knew it was quite by accident that I had stumbled upon the real meaning of meditation.

The day chosen for my First Communion was May 8. The week preceding I spent at the Abbey with other girls who were to receive Our Lord for the first time. It was really a retreat, during which we prayed and thought about the wonderful privilege that soon would be ours. Father Domin and the Benedictine nuns continued our instructions and though I had never been away from home by myself before, I was not lonely. The thought that soon Our Lord would come to me was enough to banish any sadness.

Finally came the great day, and it is impossible to describe what took place in my heart. In all my eleven years I had never been so happy. I was so filled with joy at the time of Communion that I cried. At this some of the other girls began to whisper among themselves.

"Therese has remembered a big sin," said one of them.

"No, she is crying because her mother is dead," put in another.

"She misses Pauline," added a third.

None of these things was true. I cried because I was feeling the greatest joy a person can know in this life: the joy of having God within one's heart! Apparently none of my little friends understood, for afterwards they looked at me in a curious fashion. Not one of them had shed a tear and they could see no reason for my crying either.

When Our Lord came into my heart for the first time, I felt He loved me very much. In return I said that I also loved Him. Then I asked Him to take away my liberty and do with me as He pleased. Now I was truly like the raindrop which loses itself in the vast ocean, for by this request I had lost myself in the greatness of God. We were united forever! After all, who can separate a raindrop from the ocean?

That afternoon, in the name of my companions,

I recited the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin in the convent chapel. Later Papa took me to the Carmelite monastery for a visit with Pauline. By a strange coincidence it was her Profession day—the day when she had made a solemn promise to belong to God forever. Now she was wearing a wreath of roses on her head, a sign of the reward that some day would be hers for having served God faithfully in her cloister home.

"How happy I was to see my "Little Mother," to tell her of my First Communion at the Benedictine Abbey! As we talked, the big iron grat-

ing seemed to disappear and our souls were united in a common joy. After this there was even more happiness, for that night I was the guest of honor at a fine dinner. All my dear ones were present and each one brought a gift in remembrance of my First Communion. Of these, Papa's was by far the nicest—a beautiful watch.

Amid all the celebration, I realized very clearly that a person cannot stand still on the long journey to Heaven. Each day he either goes forward or backward, becomes more or less holy. And it is all a matter of personal choice!

"I don't want to go backward," I thought. "I want to be a saint. I

want to use all the grace God has in store for me."

Long ago I had learned in my Catechism that grace is the coin with which human beings can purchase Heaven. Grace gives strength. God is most generous with it, and this despite the fact that millions of people never bother to notice His kindness. Before going to bed, I took my notebook and wrote down three resolutions which I felt would bring me extra grace. The resolutions were these:

1. I will never give way to discouragement.
2. I will say the *Memorare* every day.
3. I will try to humble my pride.

Five weeks later, after another retreat at the Benedictine Abbey, I received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Holy Spirit came into my heart with His seven great gifts: Wisdom, understand-



Before going to bed I took my notebook and wrote down three resolutions.

ing, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety and fear of the Lord. I saw sin in even the simplest pleasures. I felt I was no longer a friend of God. I was one more of the wicked people in the world who turn away from His grace.

I brought all these troubles to Marie, who knew how to give good advice. Over and over again she comforted me, saying that I was really God's friend; that he still lived in my heart; that He was only putting my love to a test. I believed her and tried to be at peace, but in a few hours fresh scruples would come. Then the tears would run down my cheeks and my head would start to ache. What a dreadful thing to be a sinner! To be kept away forever from the joys of Heaven!

As a result of endless worry about the state of my soul, my health began to suffer. The following spring I was twelve years old and Aunt Celine decided a vacation at the seashore was what I needed. She rented a house and took her two daughters, Jane and Mary, as companions for me.

At first all went well. I enjoyed catching shrimps, riding a donkey down the sandy beach, climbing among the rocks in search of pretty stones and shells. The sight of the ocean also gave me pleasure. It was so beautiful in fine weather, so full of wonder in a storm! To all appearances I was fast regaining my strength amid the healthful surroundings which Aunt Celine had chosen. Then one day I burst into tears.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Aunt Celine. "Another scruple?"

I nodded, ashamed of being such a nuisance, but convinced I must tell someone of my latest fault. That morning I had tied my hair with a blue ribbon Aunt Celine had given me. The effect of the blue against my fair curls had given me pleasure. I had admired myself in the mirror.

"But that wasn't a sin!" cried my aunt. "All girls your age wear ribbons in their hair. Don't be so stupid, child!"

In my heart I felt Aunt Celine was right, but I could not be at peace until I had told my "sin" in Confession. Even then I was worried. Had I forgotten some other sin? Was I really in the state of grace? Was God pleased with me?

I returned to the Abbey in the fall, alone this time, for by now Celine had finished her studies. I worked hard and the nuns seemed pleased with my efforts but at Christmas Papa had decided I was not strong enough to be away from home all day. The scruples that had been bothering me for

so many months were more pronounced than ever. I suffered from constant headaches. I was nervous beyond description and cried at the least thing. It would be better for me to have a tutor.

So, after my thirteenth birthday, I had private lessons with a woman teacher in Lisieux. Frequently visitors came to see this lady's mother and sometimes I heard them whispering at the other end of the large room where I was studying.

"Who is that pretty little girl?" asked one.

"What lovely golden curls!" declared another.

My teacher's mother agreed with everything that was said. Yes, I was a pretty child. And an excellent student. What a pity my health was so poor!

I tried to be very busy with my lessons but all these flattering remarks reached my ears. The result was that first I was very pleased, then distressed. What about the third resolution I had made after receiving my First Communion? Since that happy day I really had done very little about humbling my pride. Indeed, no one would dream I was a girl who longed to be a Carmelite nun. How fretful I was! How easily I cried!

Some months later I decided to make a real effort to overcome these childish traits. One of the new resolutions was to be enrolled as a Child of Mary. I felt Our Lady would be pleased at this proof of my devotion, particularly as it meant returning to school where I had never been very happy or made close friends.

To everyone's surprise, I began going to the Abbey two or three times a week. With other future members of the Sodality, I passed this time in sewing and in listening to religious instruction. When the time came for recreation, however, I escaped to the chapel. I felt the other girls knew there was something peculiar about me and I could not bear to be questioned or teased. Far from being overcome, my pride was as great as that day when I had refused to kiss the ground for Mama's penny!

The acceptance as a Child of Mary on May 31, 1886, marked the end of my connection with the Benedictine Abbey. But it did not end my scruples. I was still timid and fearful and when Marie announced that she would be leaving for Carmel in October, I was beside myself with grief. First Mama, then Pauline, now Marie! At the age of thirteen I had already lost three mothers!

I tried very hard to be brave. After all, there was no need for me to be a baby all my life.

"I will pray to those little ones who died before I was born," I thought. "Surely they will help me."

The Glories of Mary Rose Ferron

O. A. Boyer, S.T.L.



Mary Rose Ferron

Sketch of her Life

MARY ROSE FERRON was born on the 24th of May, 1903, at St-Germain de Grantham, Quebec; her parents came to Fall River, Mass., in 1905; Rose became ecstatic about that time and remained so until her death.

At the end of 1926, the stigmata of the flagellation appeared; during Lent of 1927 those of the hands and feet; in November, 1927, the reception of Holy Communion without deglutition was noticed; in January, 1928, the stigmata of the thorns made their

appearance; during Lent of 1929 that of the heart; in the month of August, 1929, her eyes shed tears of blood. From that time on, each Friday, she represented the Holy Face. Towards the end of 1929, the crown of thorns was fully developed. In 1930, during July, the month of the Precious Blood, the phenomenon of the Holy Face was repeated every day. The 1st of August, 1930, the stigmata disappeared. When she died, on the 11th of May, 1936, one of the branches of the crown and the thorn stigma could still be seen.

While she lived, people called on her and asked her prayers: many favors were thus obtained. Since her death, they still call on her and the favors continue to come; meanwhile, those who invoke her are increasing in numbers and some are reporting wonderful cures.

THE GRAIL does not claim that the favors obtained through Mary Rose Ferron are miraculous until the

Church has pronounced on them. On the following page we print several reported favors of an unusual nature. All who receive favors through intercession to this mystic of our day are asked to report them to the Reverend O. A. Boyer, St. Edmund's Church, Ellenburg, New York, or to THE GRAIL.

Mary Helen, Mary Melanie, Joseph Louis, John Baptist—how earnestly I asked these little sisters and brothers for strength and courage!

"Give me peace!" I begged. "Let me feel that you little ones in Heaven still know how to love poor Therese!"

This prayer was wonderfully answered. Almost immediately a great calm entered my soul. Gone were the scruples, the foolish doubts that had plagued me for years. Once again I felt God was really living within me, that I was united to Him as the raindrop which loses itself in the great ocean.

This great gift did not disappear. It became even more pronounced as time passed. But there was another gift which I desired with all my heart. This was the loss of my extreme self-consciousness. I was so easily hurt! I cried over the least little disappointment. Afterwards I cried because I had cried.

"Dear Lord, help me to grow up!" I prayed. "Work a miracle, if necessary, but somehow make me brave!"

Marie had left us on October 15 for the Carmelite monastery. A few weeks later, Our Lord worked the miracle I had desired so earnestly. On Christmas night, after I had received Him in Holy Communion, I realized many things which I had never thought of before. I saw God as a little child, seemingly weak, yet holding in His hands the power to rule the universe. He had taken to Himself human flesh and blood, thereby elevating the whole human race so that it shared in His strength. In an instant He let me see that I was meant to use my share of that strength, not to doubt it. By myself I was a creature of tears and sighs and complaints, but with Christ as a Brother I possessed courage beyond my fondest dreams.

(To be continued)

Favors Reported

IT IS SAID that this world war is a chastisement especially for the profanation of God's name, for the profanation of Sunday and for the profanation of marriage.

If that were the case, Little Rose could be looked upon as a choice model for all those who respect the sanctity of the family. Firstly, she belongs to a family of 15 children. That in itself is a blow to race suicide. Is there need of greater proofs to show that marriage can be sanctified by those who wish. Of course, a large family implies a life of sacrifice. Rose accepted, not only her sacrifices, but she took on herself the trials of others for years. She became a Victim Soul, a sort of refuge for the ills and woes of others; but in a particular way, she accepted the troubles of women with their husbands and children, and more so, the sufferings of expectant mothers. In accepting these sufferings, Rose seems to have specialized in that branch. Read *She Wears a Crown of Thorns*, page 127, paragraph 2. Then consider if mothers are not justified to invoke her on such occasions.

Army Chaplain Joseph O. Guillet reports the following on Aug. 3, 1940 from 66 North Ave., Sanford, Maine:

"In Pittsburg, Gertrude Koch's sister had a baby at the age of 41. She made the novena to Little Rose. This was her first baby and she had hardly any trouble. She had only three hours labor and was in the delivery room only one hour and ten minutes. She told me of a neighbor of hers who had a heart condition and who almost died when she had her other children, but this time, she came through with flying colors, after having made the novena to Rose. My brother's wife's sister was sick daily after she became pregnant, but from the day she began the novena, she has not had a sick moment. In fact, she has worked in the mill for three months.

Miss Angela Dougherty, 515 Har-

wood Ave., Baltimore, Md. writes the following on Oct. 10, 1941:

"A dear friend of mine gave birth to her first child. At the time of delivery, the doctor gave her very little hope of the child's living. I started a novena to Little Rose, promising a letter for publication. All thanks to Rose, she heard my prayers. The baby is out of danger and is doing fine.

Mrs. John Polmonai, 21 Mechanic St., Canton, Mass. reports the following on April 21, 1942:

"When the time came for my baby to be born, the doctor took me to the hospital for a Caesarian birth. Through the help of Little Rose, whose relic I had pinned on me, it was a natural birth. I shall always have everlasting faith in my prayers to her."

Mde. Delia Duhamel of Woonsocket, R. I. writes the following on May 11, 1936:

"Three months before the death of Rose, I went to see her and told her that if the good God came and got her, I would like to be healed immediately. The only answer she gave me was a beautiful smile. I suffered from nervousness, very frequent hemorrhages and moreover, I had a dropped stomach and misplaced organs. The doctors had told me that the only remedy was an operation and that it would be impossible for me to have other children. Perhaps if I had had the operation, it would have saved me. I had been in this condition for two years, and during this time, I wore an iron corset. Then, on May 11, 1936, the same day Little Rose flew to heaven, she granted me my cure. The morning that Rose left this earth, I was indisposed. At the moment of her departure, I had no more hemorrhages, nor other pain. The next morning I received the news of the death of Little Rose, and I had been healed at her death by Heaven. Three months after my cure, I asked Rose to prove really that I was cured by asking God to send me a baby. One night in a dream, Rose appeared

to me, beautiful and smiling. She came to tell me I was pregnant. My child arrived without difficulty and in perfect health. I was happy to dispose of my iron corset.

The baby which Rose asked that God give me to prove my cure fell sick January 2, at the age of 1 year and 9 months, of double pneumonia and was sick a month. He had death-like agonies; three times he had deliriums for three days and three nights; he had an abscess of the ear which had been lanced from the inside of the mouth, so that it was impossible to eat. The priest of the parish came and read a Gospel over him and said he was a little thief of Heaven and he wished he could accompany him. I said to Rose, 'My dear Rose in Heaven, you have given me this child to prove my cure. Today, you are going to take him. I weep bitter tears, but may the Will of God be done. But, Rose, touch again the robe of our Lord for me and ask for the cure of my child.' She granted me my baby, who has returned to health."

Rev. E. Leonard from Lesage, Quebec, Canada, reports the following on March 15, 1943:

"Here is something prodigious, if not miraculous, attributed to Little Rose. Mrs. Henry Provost was sewing on her electric machine one day. Her 18 months old child, Marcel, pulled the plug out of the sewing machine and placed it in his mouth. A piercing scream was heard. The mother hurried to her child and with difficulty extracted the plug from his mouth. Marcel wept and cried, rending the poor mother's heart. She at once poured a little water which had washed Rose's body after her death, on him and immediately, the pain and the cries stopped. Ten or fifteen minutes later, he was playing with his sisters and brother.—Since then, I visited Marcel and saw one side of his tongue completely burnt and swollen, his lips are burnt and one cheek swollen, and in spite of all, this child was able to take liquid food right along and has played and talked ever since.—When called, the

Doctor came only a few hours later and was surprised to see the child living and seemingly suffering no pain.—This family invokes Rose night and morning. They all have with them a relic, make the novena continually, and have her picture hanging at their bedside."

A person from Waterville, Maine, writes:

"For many years I felt much sorrow over my daughter, now mother of three young daughters, who had married outside the church. During all these years I prayed for them. After reading Little Rose's life, I begged with much confidence to be relieved of my sorrow of seeing those dear children growing up without Christian instruction. At the time, Little Rose appeared to me in a dream. She removed the bandage from her forehead, so that I might see the marks of the crown of thorns. Since that time, there was a change. The children were sent to a Catholic school and the oldest wished sincerely to become a Catholic. At this time, the father consented to renew his marriage. Later the children were all baptized, the oldest received her First Holy Communion. I am now 80 years old. It is impossible for me to explain the happiness I went through on seeing these events unfold before me. It is a divine grace which was granted by the intercession of Little Rose and I am pleased to make it known.

Miss Lillian Elarde, schoolteacher, 1266 Bergen St., Brooklyn, writes:

"This is to inform you of a favor obtained through the intercession of Little Rose. I made a novena to her asking help for my sister who had suffered from a back condition and who was soon to become a mother. Because of this back condition and because of her age, we were quite worried. I asked Little Rose to pray for a safe and happy delivery. Thanks to her intercession, this was granted, for my sister had an easy and wonderful case."

Mrs. Jean Rochefort, 131 May St., Biddeford, Maine, reports the following:

"I bought Rose's book, *She Wears a Crown of Thorns*. I took great

interest in her life especially in the chapter of the book which speaks of her suffering to relieve expectant mothers. As I was in that condition, I prayed for help. I have three little daughters and each of them has caused me to suffer almost unbearable pains which have lasted for many long hours. I made novenas, one after the other, and spoke to her as if she had been with me. When the time came, I went to the hospital. I took Little Rose along with me in the delivery room. At times I looked at her picture printed on the novena leaflet and entertained myself with her as if she were living. Things went on as perfect as possible; it was like a dream to me. It seemed a miracle to me. The nuns were surprised to see me pull through so easily; they knew my case, for I had been three times at this place...

Name and address omitted intentionally:

"My sister was married three years ago by a Justice of the Peace. Her husband is a Catholic, but has been away from the Church for years. He refused to be married by a priest and would make my sister very unhappy every time she brought up the subject. Before he entered military service, she pleaded with him, but he refused. The fact that she was soon to bring a child into the world, not only made her unhappy, but we feared her mind was becoming affected.

"When I heard of 'Little Rose' through Miss Marshall at Villa Pauline, I made a novena to her. I can still see Miss Marshall telling me to make the novena, because she was sure the novena would be answered.

"My sister's baby was born and when her husband came to see her on that day, she asked him if he had changed his mind about the Catholic Faith. She was very happy when he said, 'Yes' and thanked 'Little Rose' for she, too, had made a novena to her.

"They were married and their baby daughter was baptized on the same day she left the hospital to come home."

UNUSUAL AND REVEALED CURES

Mrs. Edna Moody, 75 Court St., Portsmouth, N. H. writes on May 25, 1942:

"Our daughter, Anne, was spared all ill affects from infantile paralysis. Our doctor with another one in diagnosis said he could do nothing. Then we prayed fervently that she would be cured. A friend placed Little Rose's crucifix on Anne, and after a month in bed, the doctor coming each day, said she was perfectly well and a most fortunate little girl."

Rev. Clarus Graves, O.S.B., St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn. reports:

"Little Rose has obtained so many favors that are truly miraculous that I cannot begin to write to you about them. The latest one was a cancer cure in St. Paul, Minn. It was an enormous one and exterior, so there can't be any doubt about it. We all made the novena together and she was cured on the seventh day.—In this cancer case, I had given the party a relic of Little Rose, part of her hair which had been given to me by Father Conlon of Chicago."

Mrs. Frances Downey, 1651 West 76th St., Chicago, Ill. writes on May 25, 1942:

"On approximately Oct. 15, 1940, as a result of childbirth, a swelling developed on the right side of my neck; however, because of increased household duties, etc., I did not seek medical advice or aid immediately.

"On November 3 (Sunday evening) my sister and I called on Father McNamara, Pastor of St. Adrian's Church in Chicago and asked him to bless my neck with a relic of the true Cross which he possesses. During our visit he mentioned Marie-Rose Ferron, otherwise known as Little Rose, and because of our interest he gave us a short account of her life. He also gave me a rose which had been previously placed on the grave of Little Rose (thus constituting a second class relic), as well as a picture of Rose

(Continued on page 284)

Father Fabian Learns the Truth

Arnold White

Illustrated by Margaret Reynolds

FATHER FABIAN stood a moment to admire the picturesquely landscaped dwelling. So this—all this—was Silly's. Grinning a little, Father Fabian wondered if he would still be allowed to call his niece Silly. The name was Sylvia, really, but little Silly had always gotten a kick out of the nickname, more so perhaps because of the shocked resentment shown toward the nickname by Silly's very correct mother.

The chimes beat out a Westminster tune and Father Fabian wished his altar bell had as much tone quality as this doorbell. Silly's four sons, ages 2, 3, and the twins, 4, stood in a row with a frightened look upon their faces, when after a more than brief pause, their mother opened the great door.

"Little Silly!" laughed Father Fabian, with his hand upon her bright head in a fond gesture. "You don't look sixteen, yourself, and here you have this lovely family!"

There was a tightness about Silly's mouth. "Silly!" was repeated, a trifle absently. "Yes," to herself, softly, "Silly."

Father Fabian was asking the tots their ages. But he glanced questioningly at his niece. "Did I take a liberty? Somehow you'll always be just Little Silly to me." Gaily he continued, "Always knew your Mother's ideas would win out, though. Sylvia's prettier. And grown-up."

Silly didn't answer.

"Just think!" Father was rambling on, "These lads may make a new four horsemen for Notre Dame! I'll bet you can hardly wait."

"Notre Dame!" Silly almost screamed. "Their father and I got along with eight grades! Why should the boys be run off to a college?"

Thunderstruck, Father Fabian was silent. Suddenly Silly caught herself, visibly with an effort. "Mother phoned that you were coming over to see our home," she faltered flatly, "I—I'll take you around a bit."

"So far it is elegance personified," Father Fabian looked around the living room, beautiful beyond most people's dreams. The rug sank deep beneath the feet, the furniture of mauve and blue was rich with splendor.

"This is the library," commented Silly, adopting an attitude of professional guide as she led him through the first door. "We had a hard time getting books enough with harmonized bindings—"

"Bindings!?" echoed Father Fabian, amazed. He took a quick glance at the elaborate display, but made no further remarks. The obvious tension decided him to make no further observations until he detected wherein lay Silly's differences with him. "The fireplace is lovely," was his comment.

Silly laughed hollowly. "It's different, isn't it, from the single room we had? You left us after performing the nuptials, so quickly. You're so in love with your missions. Yet here I was, honeymooning in probably greater squalor than your—your charges in the South. Claude had to rush right back to his job and work like a madman for a pittance. We struggled heroically. And then, little Claude turned out to be twins. . . . All this—"

Silly could hear her voice hammering on. In her mind she wished she could shut it off. She wanted to think. Why had Father Fabian come today? She could hear the oft-told monologue going on; she was on familiar ground. She repeated her old, old story. It sounded empty now. Time was, she had admired the story. She had made it up, adding frills and fripperies to impress her less fortunate friends. She knew she wasn't impressing Father Fabian. But she couldn't tell Father Fabian the truth. Mentally she bowed her head. She mourned that she was so silly. She dared not tell him. She must "be nice to Father Fabian," as Aunt Lula always put it.

"Here is the kitchen," she heard herself saying; the kitchen, where Claude and she breakfasted gaily before they were so rich that she didn't have to cook—before they entertained the gang.

The sun room is specially fitted with ultra-violet-ray glass," her voice flew on . . . how Claude had groaned when she had wanted even this! Poor Claude. He had taken up the innocent-looking sideline, just selling a few baseball tickets to the fellows at work. They all bought them anyway, and Claude might as well be the fellow to earn the commission. The radio. They'd bought the fancy model she wanted with his first easy money. But then it was a car, a house, a mansion—all this!

And Claude had gotten in, deeper and deeper, so deep that he feared his boss. Claude knew too much. He might some day turn evidence against the gang. He couldn't pull out—not alive.

"This is Claude's room," went her monologue as she threw open the broad walnut door and felt her heart lunge at the sight of his precious heavy furniture. Claude's things. Here they were. Everything Claude loved was here. Everything except Claude. Silly would at this moment have traded all her things to have Claude there again. The more things with which Claude surrounded her, the further they seemed to separate. Evenings, Claude worked. Days he was away. Soon she heard of his box at games, the blonde in his baseball box, the redhead at the football games, his "girl Friday" at the races, and the glamorous secretary whose presence was essential even at the conferences, lunches, dinners, and midnight feasts. The new Claude was a stranger to her. Groping for a return of the old Claude, Silly had encountered, one by one, the "things," that had built and bolstered their new wealth, that erected all unsuspected a barrier between them.

Silly's mind raced to the scene she had made in the Palace Hotel when she had surprised Claude there, with that horrible gang around him and the woman. He had been ugly, but there was hurt in his eyes, an urgent plea she hadn't understood until he had frantically phoned later. She had thought, then, that she was an abandoned wife. She had not believed such melodramatic things as being "on the spot" happened except in movies. Silly, oh silly! What irony was in the old nickname. Silly knew now how true Claude was. She knew to what lengths he had gone to protect his home and family. When he had provided her with all her materialistic heart craved, Claude had tried valiantly to pull out of the racket. It was then of course that his family, rather than his own life, was threatened. And it was then he had left her, to fool the gang into believing he had no love for his family. Cruel, and perhaps cowardly, but Claude knew what a killer the head man had turned out to be. And then it was she had followed him and made the scene. At first she had not believed his phone call

when he tried to warn her not to come again, that she—and worse, the babies—were in danger if the gang decided they meant anything to him. That phone call must have been tapped. For now she met each day's cold morning dawn to see another steel-eyed gangster watching her every move. Each lonely day she kept her babies close underfoot. She wondered how long the lonesome vigil must last, how long she could stand the strain, and when she must venture out, with all her babies around her. Each night she bade her babies pray that their daddy could come home from the "prison in the Palace." Silly knew what false pride was. She burned to beg advice of someone—Father Fabian? Had he been sent miraculously to help her? How could she tell him her husband is a gangster? Would he believe Claude was held against his will?



"Father, you've a right to call me silly—just plain silly."

Would he be able to do anything without Claude's being arrested, too? Would Claude want Father Fabian to know?

Silly's troubled mind became gradually aware that she was standing in Claude's doorway, that she had been standing there for what seemed years, and that Father Fabian's quiet eyes held a patient question. Silly's eyes glazed over with fear. She felt it tracing its mark upon her countenance. She felt her skin draw close upon her bones, and knew Father Fabian must see it. Could he read the scenes she so vividly relived in her naked eyes? She drew a long breath to pour out the story. She hesitated. Her hand froze to the doorknob. Almost of itself, it seemed the door was drawn softly shut as though death had just entered. Sadly, wishing she could say the truth but daring not, Silly faltered: "I was—just wishing you wouldn't ask to see the playroom. It is the high spot of our home, the acme of our effort. But, but today the children have everything in such an uproar, it's so very dirty—" It was a weak statement. Her voice wafted into quietude like a dying westerly breeze.

On Father Fabian's tranquil face was no sign. "So that's what troubles you! Always so everlasting fastidious! Don't you think I know how children play? We'll forget about the playroom and stay in the kitchen—but you'll be sorry, because you'll never recognize your beautiful home when a bunch of quarterbacks get through with it!" Father Fabian spoke lightly. Silly gathered her scuttled senses, heavily dragged her frame away from the nearness of Claude's room. Watching Father Fabian take over the amusement section, she warned herself that she must not come so close to breaking down again. Tense at first, Silly waited for Father Fabian's questions. In time she realized what a master-diplomat he must be. Whispering a prayerful thanks to whatever dark angel could be interested in her low materialistic soul, Silly set about the mixing of some cocktails. Busy from basement bar to kitchen sink, she had better control of her nerves when at last she insisted on a toast to the return of "good old days." Silly's mild concoction was a welcome treat after Father Fabian's exertions at entertaining the children.

Father Fabian, in leaving, blessed them. But once outside he could have been heard muttering to himself, "Being nice to Father Fabian is getting to be an obnoxious pastime. If they'd only be more honest with me..."

Inside, Silly had succumbed to her feelings after having steeled herself to the final farewell without

divulging her anxiety. Sobbing behind the velvet drapes, she turned back miserably to see her reflection in a gilt-framed mirror, a lost soul in the midst of all the splendors of earth—like her own vacuous books within beautiful bindings. These being her thoughts, she might have been amazed had she realized that Father Fabian's first stop was the police station. What had seemed an insurmountable problem was as a simple puzzle when light of logic, in an objective, ethical, and untangled mind approached it. "Prison in the Palace" to police meant only one thing: someone being held against his will in the local gamblers' hangout. A raid was quickly scheduled.

And so it was that Claude came home. At last state's evidence would be available to police, and even a kidnapping charge was added. At last Claude was free, free of more than material bonds. "The court battle may be long and hard," he was explaining to a hysterical Silly, "but we'll win. We'll win!" Claude repeated the "we" proudly, emphasizing his place on the side of the police. He and Silly both knew he would be target for gunplay before the head man gave up, but suddenly strength had come. Fighting for the right, at last, and fighting together, had made it worth the terror.

It was their last evening in the Silly Mansion and Father Fabian was the only guest.

"Father," Silly was saying, "you've a right to call me silly—just plain silly—and I'll never deny the name. If I can just get back one room—a kitchen to cook in, and if Claude finds a job where he works like a madman again—we'll know what real values are." Silly's voice trailed off, and she gazed, laughing, across the room at her husband. They realized that Father Fabian wasn't exactly attending. Doubtless he was weary with platitudes. Besides, young Claude had a nifty tackle and Father Fabian was, from his floored position, explaining a new play. Silly's silence was more notable than her chatter. Father Fabian looked up quizzically and grinned. "'Smatter, Silly? The air hangs heavy without your silly gibbering, even if you don't make sense most of the time."

Musing, Silly commented, "I was just becoming aware of that. You were attending more to actions than to my words on that horrible day, weren't you?"

Father Fabian smiled gently, "Well, you might say I'm psychic. On the other hand, I owe it to you to remind you that when you go out to mix cocktails, there's always a chance that an unethical if revered relative will pump some startling facts out of an heir apparent!"

Deipara,

Lucifera,

Puerpera

Illumina!

Love's Light that led the Sun's rays forth,
Moon to the darkest days,
Bright Satellite to Heaven's worth,
Chaste, mirroring amaze',
O, Lunar Luminary, earth
In pallid pallor greys;
Unleash the longing of thy love,
Unveil thy Virgin gaze,
And draw our tides, O Moon, above—
The troubled turbulences of
These dark, these dismal days!

(Once more may chaos don God's garb;
Once more "let there be Light!"
Once more may order rule the orb—
The Word rout noise in flight.
—Once more God moisten earth's dry
dust

And touch all men to sight!)
O, Lunar Luminary, Love,
Who draws our tides above,
Let thy Refulgence light the way
For earth's Magian groups that stray.
(Thou Alleluia to the word—
Tale-telling Star: rhetoric rays!
Song-singing Star: refrain that stays!)
That the Refrain the Song betray,
May you be heard!
And to the wailing of the night
Give forth the soothing Word.
At last "let there be Light!"

Polycarp Sherwood, O.S.B.



Parents Who Can't Spare the Time

Calvin T. Ryan

JANICE has a normal mind, but is almost a dwarf physically. Unhappily she has no redeeming feature. It seems impossible to dress her attractively. She has built up a compensating quality of demanding attention by her emphasis upon "I." "I" is all-important to Janice. She needs much help from home to recompense for her unattractiveness. But her mother is too busy with her own social affairs.

On the contrary, Hildah, who has the handicap of a slight hearing defect, is as attractive a subdeb as one wants to meet. Her parents have devoted to her all the time needed, and have been able to dress her appropriately.

But let's look at a third case. This time we have no defects, no physical or mental handicaps. Nor shall we go south of the tracks. Let us take a recent magazine article in which there is an account of a raid in a large city. Sixteen girls are arrested in a cheap hotel where they have gone with their street pick-ups. Only five of the group came from the socially poor section; the others were from the average and better homes. Some wore beaver coats.

Now, let's see what Lora E. Davis, an Atlanta Policewoman says. "When a young girl starts out on the road to moral delinquency, somebody has fallen down on the job, and nine times out of ten that somebody is the girl's mother." Somebody fell down on the job with those sixteen girls. Some of the mothers, perhaps, thought they had done all they could. But some of the others must have been too busy with their own affairs.

Is it not amazing, in the light of reports, in the light of news items, that mothers will still go on about their business while their daughters are trespassing precariously near disaster, and some are falling over the brink? Of all girls her age, Janice needs her mother. Yet her mother is gone all day working, and is out at night with her social affairs. She has very little time to be with Janice. It is not necessary for the mother to work. She is working "just for the extra money," and, like so many others, is not spending much of it on her child.

Those of us who have lived near ordnances, air bases, and other military centers where civilians are employed, have noted one of the tragedies of the "big money" earned is that so frequently the men and women do not know how to spend what they earn. They are not saving it; not many of

them. A man and his wife who took a room in our block announced to their hostess at the end of their first month that they would have to make a change, for they could not afford to pay what it was costing them to live. "You see," the wife explained, "a steak costs a dollar, and by the time we get the other things, the dinner is \$1.25 at least. Then we always go to the movie afterwards." In some respects, we should say fortunately the couple have no children.

Of course, part of the wave of delinquency may be attributed to broken homes, which, in some instances, are unavoidable. But one reliable report says that less than twenty-five percent of the delinquency is attributable to the war. That leaves the other seventy-five percent to be accounted for. A rather accurate check up on authorities convinces me that they believe the trouble goes back to the home, that is, to the faulty influence of the home aside from the unavoidable influence of the war. Furthermore, these investigators find the "cause" in the lack of discipline in the home. Parents talk



about their inability to control their four-year-olds, and complain about their fifteen-year-olds being incorrigible and defiant.

I wonder if the trouble does not lie in a dual plane? First of all, we have done away with sin, original or otherwise, and accepted gland secretions and personality quirks. Having gone that far, obviously we think we do not have to be responsible to God, or ask Him for aid. The mental hygienists and the psychiatrists not only supplement the priest, but often supplant him.

In the second place, the sacredness of the home has been undermined by the lax attitude toward the marriage vow. A physician told me of examining seventy-five young women, the oldest of which was only twenty-one, who had come into the community to work in a factory. All these women were married, or had been married, some had a child; but none of them lived with their husbands. When he asked why they had married, the usual answer was, "Thought it was a lark."

When parents go into court with their "incorrigible" children, they usually take the attitude of having done their duty. The rest is up to the law-enforcing authorities.

At a recent meeting of the council in a city of ten thousand, the question of juvenile delinquency was under consideration. The conclusion of that body of men was that "the responsibility for looking after the community's children belonged to the parents, not to the city officials." The Mayor said that he could see no reason why the councilmen should assume the responsibility for discipline of the children if the parents did not do it. The Chief of Police reported a lack of co-operation of the parents in suppressing delinquency.

Maybe we are ready to apply the curfew to the parents rather than to the children. In a "Letter to the Editor" of the daily in that same town, a parent wanted to know why the curfew law was not enforced. Then, by implication, she asked: "Is it that some of our influential people are afraid their own children may be caught in the net?" And very likely she is right.

However, not necessarily wholly right. For maybe the homes from which some of those children come are not fit places for the children to stay at any time of the night. Maybe there is no home life. The parents are too busy looking after their own individual pleasures. They have no time to bother with their half-grown children. Perhaps the Philadelphia psychiatrist was right when he said, after a study of 10,000 juvenile court cases, "There is just one general cause—lack of sense of responsibility for behavior." And for the cure, he recom-

mended—discipline.

Recently the Juniors in a public High School decided they would take a "sneak day." Somehow the principal of the high school heard about the plans and called in the leaders. He reasoned with them and tried to persuade them against their plans. Well, they went. That night the parents of those who went on the "sneak" were asked to meet at the school and decide on a fit penalty. The usual soft-pedaling was heard. "Don't forget, we were young once," and all such maudlin excuses were heard. But a penalty was agreed on. Soon the letters began to appear in the city daily. "It was needlessly severe." "We shouldn't forget some of the things we used to do."

Likely that is the trouble. The parents should have been spanked and were not. Or, as the F.B.I. has said, the present delinquents are children of second and third generation delinquents. The children who went on the "sneak" went as part of the urge now prevalent to ignore authority. Instead of co-operating with the school, the parents upheld, some overtly, their children. Then, why wonder about defiance of authority? Of delinquency? I have long been an advocate of the "democratic family," but I have always felt there must be some final authority. In the end, the children must learn to obey some higher human authority. The lawless youngster in the home is receiving first hand training in social lawlessness outside the home.

Parenthood carries with it responsibility. The child is not acquainted with the world into which he has been thrust. It is unfair to give him no help in discovering that world, no guidance in learning the accepted ways of social living.

The Janices crave attention. They are aware they are different. Often that very handicap is their undoing. They often need parental help even more than normal children do. It is a double tragedy for them to have parents who are too busy, or too indifferent to pay them the necessary attention.

"Parents, too, have certain obligations toward the children," writes Alexander Wyse, O.F.M., in his "Moral and Social Questions," after talking about the obligations of children to their parents. "Since the parents are caring for them (children) in God's stead, they must give them in an immediate form all that God gives them remotely," he continues. Caring for children "in God's stead" means, I assume, just what it says. It certainly cannot mean neglecting them for any personal pleasures. It cannot mean turning them loose and expecting law enforcing officers to keep them out of crime.

UP BY BIG BUTTE



by
MARY LANIGAN
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, living in Copper City, Montana. Two nieces and a nephew—from California—during the illness of their mother are staying with the Mannings. The young folks are all of College age. Clare, the eldest Manning, has recently entered a novitiate.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

JULIA deftly guided the car up the steep grade leading to the Long Hike Mine. Without taking her eyes off the road she was able to answer the questions Barney, Ruth and Frances asked of her, one after the other.

"How does it feel to go down in the mine, Aunt Julia?" Ruth's voice carried a note of timidity. That was Ruth. She might be a trifle afraid of a thing but she'd nevertheless tackle it.

"Honestly," answered Julia, "I think it might be compared to a trip in an airplane. Not that the actual descending sensation is the same. But it's a similar experience in the light of normal anticipation. I think most people are a bit disappointed in their first ride in an airplane. They expect to feel the swooping, dipping sensation that they've come to associate with flying from watching an airplane from the ground. Instead of that there's a roar and a feel of power but there's nothing of the swoop and dip of a carnival roller coaster which was expected."

"How is a mine like that?" Frances was interested. Julia was glad that they were so caught up in the anticipation of this excursion. The mines

were a thing she held dear. There was such a mixture of reasons why she respected these mines from which thousands of pounds of rich ore were daily lifted. To view the operations there was to sense the eternal challenge which nature flung to man and in turn to acknowledge the supremacy of intellect over matter. There was romance in the mines too, in the old stories clinging around the gaunt old gallows shafts, in the history of the heart break, the hardship which had gone into the building of Copper City into an important industrial center. It was splendid to think of all the men and their families who were provided with labor and a livelihood because an old time prospector had gone panning down a mountain stream. She was happy that Dave had chosen mining engineering as his future career. It was a career worthy of any bright lad's best.

Julia drew the car to the side of the road and turned off the ignition. They were early for their appointment, so they might as well wait here where the brisk breezes blew such freshness against their faces. She continued to explain her reaction to the mines: "In the mines it's really impossible to get a large picture of the operations carried on. You are only able to view a small part at a time. But suppose you're in New York and you want to see the Empire State Building. First of all you'll probably tilt your head up as you stand on the street level and strain to see the top. Then after the elevator has rushed you as high as you can go, you're able to look down and to appreciate the tre-

mendous labor and vision which was responsible for that structure. Out on the street again you'll look upward. In that way your picture is rounded out. But you can't do anything like that in a mine. It will be up to each of you to piece together the succession of things you'll see."

"You sound downright excited about mining," Barney said. "Before I hit Montana I used to think of miners as a sort of unskilled laboring group."

"Not at all, Barney. Not in the least."

"Hey, forgive me, Aunt Julia. I only said I used to. I'm convinced before I even see the innards of a mine."

Julia laughed, "I didn't mean to sound as though you'd stepped on a pet corn of mine. But the men who go into the hard rock mines, not only have to be trained in their work but they have to be courageous as well. There used to be a rhyme written by a college boy, or at least I read it in a college annual. I think I can recall the first stanza." She then recited in a clear low voice:

"Do you know of the life that the miner leads
As he toils in his chamber deep?
It's a job that calls for both brain and brawn,
If one hopes to earn his keep.
His heart must be strong with a will to drive
And his eye is trained and true,
He learns each task and he knows each move...
The game of the miners' crew."

"It's a jingle but the idea is there and I like it. If a man errs in timing or in any minute task he would cause disaster. More than that, the structure of the mines itself is beautiful. So well timbered are these mines that a few years ago a series of severe earthquakes couldn't shake those timbers."

"I thought California had a monopoly on earthquakes, at least," Barney said.

"Copper City refuses to admit any quality that it doesn't possess," Julia answered.

"Yes, Mrs. Chamber of Commerce," Barney thrust.

"Sometimes it sounds like the blasting I hear is right under my bed," Ruth ventured.

"It probably is," Julia smiled at the small serious face. "Actually the numerous underground levels beneath the city reach down to 4100 feet. Which is approximately the distance in miles between Copper City and New York if that gives you any idea of depth."

"Goodness it certainly does," Frances gasped. "I'm awfully glad we're going to have a chance to see some of it first hand."

"Which we should just about be doing," said Julia as she started the car.

They were met in the office by Dan Sheehan, superintendent of the Long Hike and good friend of Tom. "So here are the dude miners," he grinned, "and all dressed up in their city slicker clothes. Well, well, we'll just have to do something about that." He rang a bell on his desk and when it was answered by a tall youth he directed, "Underground suits, please."

In the small dressing room where Julia and the girls went to dress, there was much laughing as they pulled on the bulky garments provided.

"I feel like an overgrown teddy bear," said Frances.

"And Ruth is the baby bear," Julia decided.

Ruth smiled in delight, "The Three Bears, aren't we?"

"Looks like visitors are routine affairs here the way they're prepared," Frances observed. "Small compact lockers available for personal belongings and a well equipped dressing table there for tidying up afterward."

"Indeed they are," Julia said. "Any famous visitor who comes past the Continental Divide almost always includes Copper City in his route and takes time out to see a mine. Why not? They'd never miss a tour of the studios in the vicinity of Hollywood and mines are every bit as interesting."

No matter how many excursions Julia made into the mines she always found new interest there. Into the square elevator-like drop they stepped to be shot into the inside of the earth. They stepped out into semi-gloom where there was an inclination to stoop, although it was not necessitated by the height. A man accompanied them as guide and indicated the various operations. This kept the youngsters' interest and their questions were well placed. It was Barney who said, "But all this blasting, isn't that rather dangerous for the fellows who set it off?"

The guide answered, "That is a problem which had worried many a hard rock miner up until comparatively recent years. Nowadays there's an electric delay cap used for blasting in shaft sinking and this has eliminated the great hazard the miner was once up against."

"Sounds smooth," said Barney.

"It is smooth." They were walking along where they could see a tram car being loaded with ore which had been left piled up in the wake of a blast.

"That's a mucking machine," said the guide, indicating a mechanical shovel which was piling in the ore. "All it has to do is, 'Come and get it' and respond to the levers when pulled. It's all down to a science all right. Now take that matter of

blasting we were talking about awhile ago. The miner simply drills holes and after loading them with power, sets as many electric delay caps as he wants explosions. That done he's hoisted to the level above where he throws in the electric switch and the holes are blasted in the order he desired. It's all over then but the job of the mucking machine."

It was a refreshing experience, this unfolding again of a wonder of which she was ever aware. How glad she was that the trip had been arranged for the youngsters. When Barney went back to California his notions of unskilled workers underground would be dispelled by this practical demonstration of scientific application of knowledge. What wonders man could perform. Here was a city in itself beneath the flourishing city above their heads. Here men labored shift after shift at an exacting and exhausting task, and overhead children were sitting in schools or snugly tucked in bed and the wives of these men were marketing at the stores with some of the money they had earned or else were busy cooking meals and keeping house. What a pity it is, thought Julia, that man does not always turn to good his knowledge of science. As the thought crossed her mind she knew that it was a thought that was becoming trite nowadays from its frequency of expression, but trite or not it was an undeniable fact. This was one mine in a town of fourteen shafts sunk all over the hills. All through the civilized world were mines and other industries working feverishly to bring their product to a market which could not be satisfied. Were the products headed for the further honor and glory of the One Who placed crude ore in the ground? Julia shuddered at the thought of the uses of copper today.

When they came back to the surface and had shed their bulky coverall and were driving down the grade again Julia stopped the car and they looked back at the shaft they had left behind.

"Gallows shafts they call them," Julia said, "see why?"

"Easy to see why," Frances agreed. The structure was outlined against the sky, indeed much like a gallows frame.

"You know what?" said Barney, "I'd sure like to take up mining engineering like Dave is doing. Gosh, I never thought of it till now. I'd hoped to study some kind of engineering but never gave the mines an in until now. How'd you like me for a boarder a couple of years from now, Aunt Julia?"

"I'd be delighted, Barney. But two years is quite awhile and you may have other ideas by then."

"Maybe so. But when we were down there and saw those fellows working so confident like that they were safe and protected by the ones who'd mapped out the whole business, it sort of got me. Gosh." He finished with the exclamation inadequate but the best he had for his boyish enthusiasm.

"That's where Ginny Galvin's father works, isn't it?"

"Yes it is, and John Galvin works on what they call a contract basis and earns a very fine living for his family. You see a contract miner is paid according to cubic feet covered each shift. In addition to this he's guaranteed a regular day's wage. All the excavation work is done on this basis, that is the drilling and shoveling and timbering. It takes a man who is experienced and willing to do that."

"He has to have what it takes all right," agreed Barney, still glowing with his new interest.

Julia glanced at her watch before starting the car. It was yet early afternoon and she decided to round out the occasion with a treat downtown. "How about a jaunt to Gamers?" she asked.

"What fun," exclaimed Frances.

"I wish Sue were here," said Ruth.

"I do, too, at this stage of the procedure but Sue is probably having a lovely time at Cunninghams this afternoon. That's what she said she'd rather do, you know. And I advise you, Ruthie, not to let the thought of Sue keep you back if you feel an urge to indulge in one of those cho-choc-marshmallow nut affairs you all go in for."

"Banana split," decided the future engineer, and Julia smiled at him.

Gamers was the town rendezvous. Ever since Julia had come to Copper City, Gamers had spelt a treat. It was an ordinary appearing candy store with counters of delicious displays in front and inviting booths in the rear. One was almost always certain to meet friends on a Saturday afternoon in Gamers.

Julia smiled and nodded a number of times at acquaintances, many of whom were wives of associates at the Mines School. There was the usual edging of young people there and a wide handsome young man came in with a vivacious girl on his arm. Barney half rose from his seat as they passed and hailed, "Hi Coach."

He sank back then beamingly and explained, "That was the coach." The young man had gone on with a wave and a grin.

"We sort of gathered it was the coach," Frances said.

Julia decided on cinnamon toast and chocolate for herself. The hot sweet drink was delicious and Julia was amused at herself for the extent of her enjoyment in the simple drink and toast. She was thinking how fortunate are those who are too busy at home to venture out often for commercial pleasure or for eating away from home. To those Saturday afternoon in Gamers is a treat. To others it might be another dull edge on boredom. And Julia was equally sure that the little side trip to Gamers would make hot chocolate at home more delicious than ever.

Frances was placing a cherry in her mouth as she caught her aunt's eye and smiled, "Now for business, Aunt Julia. That trip in the mines was grand. But if Uncle Tom is ready and willing I'm all for no more time off as his secretary until his text book is at the publishers."

"Well spoken," Julia said. The poor book had really had a time of it with all the various interruptions which intervened. Now would be a fine

time to press the work on it and have it finished. Julia was anxious that Tom should meet the summer months unencumbered with any unfinished task, and with Frances soon in the whirl of the last events of High School it was indeed time to get the book to the publishers.

That night at dinner Barney plied Dave with questions as to the courses at the Mines. Perhaps he would stay with the notion. Frances told her Uncle that she was at his disposal from now on with his book.

"Good. Good," said Tom, his face lighting as it always did when he was considering his writing. "How is this, my lass? We'll have it finished by St. Patrick's Day."

"Good," and Frances held out her slim hand and they shook solemnly.

"Good. Good," shouted Julia inwardly, "the best thing for Frances. The never failing antidote. A task to do in a set time."

(To be continued)



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

DRAINED DRY



"Opened His side with a lance."
—St. John 19:34.

THE HUMAN heart is a deep well. It is not merely the reservoir and pump that contains and forces the crimson life-stream in to the minutest channels of the body, but it is also a well of pure or turbid water, according as the owner keeps this liquid, composed of thoughts and works, pure by daily filtration through the sand of the divine commandments, or permits it to seep through the putrid slime of sin.

It is more. It is a secret chamber of deep mystery, to which a sword serves as a key. At the presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple, the aged Simeon foretold to His happy Mother: "Thy own soul a sword shall pierce that the *thoughts of many hearts may be revealed*" (St. Luke 2:35). After this prophecy had been fulfilled by the death of Christ on the Cross

—the sword that pierced Mary's heart—"one of the soldiers opened His side with a lance, and immediately there came out blood and water" (St. John 19:34). This lance-key opens the secret chamber of the God-Man and broadcasts this message to the whole world: "I have no more to give." His reservoir of our life-blood has been drained dry and poured out over the whole world for the life of its inhabitants.

If the sword of mental and physical suffering which you have thrust into broken hearts would pierce your own, it, too, would reveal a thought that must pierce your dead conscience, drained dry of all human feeling, and quicken it to a new, repentant life—"MURDERER!"

VITALIZED BREAD

Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B.

"**M**ARIE, please pass me another piece of bread," said Jimmy Fendwick to his little sister.

"Why, Jimmy, I thought you didn't like bread; we told you that you had to eat some, but we didn't mean three or four pieces."

"I'm not eating it because I have to," replied Jimmy to his Father; "it's so good, Dad, that I want to eat it."

Mr. Fendwick was somewhat surprised. He turned to his wife and asked: "Mother, what is the secret?"

Mrs. Fendwick smiled. "Since Jimmy didn't like the bread," she said, "I thought it might be that make of bread, so I decided to change brands." Stopping to pass the pickles and lunch meat to her husband, she continued: "Yesterday as I entered the store, I noticed a large sign advertizing a new type of bread. It's called 'Vitamized Bread—the bread with Vitamin D, the Sunshine Vitamin.' So I decided to try it."

"It is good, Mother," Marie said enthusiastically, "I like a Sunday night supper like this, with sandwiches, pickles, potato chips and cookies." Marie hardly had to tell her parents that she enjoyed the light meal; her face showed that. And from the way Baby Joe was eating, it seemed that he liked it too.

This was the custom of the Fendwicks to have a light luncheon as their evening meal on Sunday. Their Sunday evening was usually spent playing games. Mr. and Mrs. Fendwick found their greatest delight in their three children, Jimmy, age nine, Marie, seven, and Baby Joe, two and a half.

"Daddy," said little Marie toward the end of the meal, "are we going to play cards tonight? Mother said you were going away tonight."

"Yes, I am, Marie," replied Mr. Fendwick, "but not until we beat Mother and Jimmy in a game of Hearts!"

"Oh, goodie," exclaimed Jimmy out from under a big cookie, "but we're going to win, aren't we, Mother?"

"Yes, Jimmy, by at least fifty points. But first we must wash the dishes. Jimmy, you and Marie help me tonight, so that we can finish in a hurry. Daddy wants to do some reading first."

In a few minutes Mother and children were working together cleaning off the table and wash-

ing and drying the dishes. It was the Fendwicks' custom that the loser in the last evening's card game had to do the next evening's dishes; but this evening Mrs. Fendwick made an exception, for she knew her husband was anxious to read for a short time.

In the meantime Mr. Fendwick had gone into the front room where he could read more quietly. Tonight was the night he had looked forward to for quite some time. Tonight the St. Paul Study Group was to hold its first meeting.

"What are you reading, Daddy?" asked Marie, with a tone of curiosity, as she came into the room.

"A little pamphlet on the Holy Eucharist, Marie," replied her father. "I was just reading about how good God was in giving us His own Body and Blood."

"Rather anxious to begin your study work, aren't you, Fred?" Mrs. Fendwick remarked as she overheard her husband's remark.

"Yes, I really am. I'm as anxious as a hungry beggar who has just been invited to a good turkey dinner!"

It was almost eight o'clock when Mr. Fendwick arrived at St. Elizabeth's School. In the informal meeting held last Sunday evening the men had agreed to meet every other Sunday evening. Father Smith had obtained the Pastor's permission to use the "Office" in the school; it would provide adequate space for the twelve-men study group, and at the same time be cozy, easily heated in the winter, and well lighted.

As Mr. Fendwick was going up the steps to the Office, he heard voices; from the noise it sounded as if the men had brought two visitors each.

"Hello, fellows," greeted Mr. Fendwick as he entered the room.

"Well, it's about time," teased Nick Lauder; "I thought you would be the first one here tonight, and you show up last."

Mr. Fendwick looked at his watch. "Just eight o'clock, Nick," he returned. "Right on time. But I am eager to begin."

"Everyone here?" asked Father Smith. "Hello, Mr. Fendwick," greeted the priest, noticing the late comer. "Don't mind; I just got here myself; have a convert class from seven till almost eight."

"Shall we begin, Father?" Mr. Wintergreen asked the Moderator as he came close to the priest.

"Yes," replied Father Smith, "we ought to begin right and start on time." In the meantime he had walked closer to the table. The men followed suit, and the Reverend Moderator opened with a prayer: "Come, Holy Ghost..."

Mr. John Wintergreen, the chairman for the first meeting, began: "Before Mr. Jackson begins with his paper on the Eucharist, I think it would be very helpful if we would have a formal-informal introduction. Many of us know each other; others do not know certain ones. So let's do this; we'll begin with the man on the right of Father Bernard Smith; each man tell his name and give his occupation. I'm sure we can begin with a better spirit of Christ-like friendship if we know each other's name. Will you begin, Mr. Fendwick?"

"Certainly, Mr. Wintergreen," Mr. Fendwick said cheerfully, "Fred Fendwick; I am an accountant at Smith and Bayard."

"Nick Lauder; a kill-joy, undertaker!"

"Paul Cassidy," said the little man next to Nick Lauder. "I'm a street-car conductor."

"Joe Thompson, a tailor."

"Dr. George Parie, a physician."

"Dick Cartwright, mechanic at Johnson Ford Co."

"Bob Funk," smiled the short, stocky man between the chairman and Dick Cartwright; everyone knew him but he said: "reporter on *The Times*."

"John Wintergreen," said the chairman, "a salesman for Block and Hammond."

"Jack Kelly, of the Kelly Iron and Steel Co." A very wealthy man, president of the largest steel mill in the state.

"Paul Barrett, a helper to Mr. Kelly," grinned the tall thin man next to the president. A laborer in the steel mill; didn't look strong but certainly was.

"John Schumacher, printer."

"Phil Jackson; my brother and I run the Jackson Brothers' Grocery at Eleventh and Market."

After Mr. Jackson had finished, all turned to the Chairman. "From your looks," began Mr. Wintergreen, "I can easily see that you are all eager to begin, so I'll not delay any longer. The topic for our paper and discussion tonight is the Holy Eucharist. Mr. Jackson has the paper for this evening. All right, Mr. Jackson."

Mr. Jackson was about to rise from his seat, but Father Smith motioned him to remain seated. Taking the clip from off the sheets, the grocer unfolded the manuscript.

"Yesterday, Saturday, always a hard day for a grocer," began Mr. Jackson, "was especially trying. Something very unusual happened—we had a 'run' on bread. It seems that people really enjoy and

benefit from this new 'Vitamized Bread.'" Mr. Fendwick had to smile as he remembered the way that Jimmy went for it.

"There is another Bread," Mr. Jackson continued, which builds up souls and fills them with heavenly joy. When Christ gave us His Body to eat, He did so under the species of bread; His Blood He gave under the species of wine. 'My Flesh is food indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.' Bread and wine are the most common of foods, wine more so in European countries than in our own. Tonight in considering the effects of the Holy Eucharist let us take only the one species, the Bread, and draw a comparison between the effects of natural bread and this Supernatural Bread.

"The first things that bread, or any good food, does is that it delights our palate. When you are mighty hungry, doesn't food taste good? You have often heard your children remark: 'Gee, that tastes good!' Our bodies are not the only things that get hungry; our souls get hungry too. One of the most delightful foods, rather I should say, the most delightful of all foods, for a hungry soul is the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. Remember what we hear sung at Benediction so often: '*Panem de caelo praestitisti eis.*' And the choir answers: '*Omne delectamentum in se habentem.*' 'Thou hast given us Bread from heaven—having in it every delight.' The best treat for any soul is the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

"Bread, food, does more than just please our palate. We'd be most unpleasant skeletons if that is all that it did. Bread sustains our life! After passing into our stomach the food is digested and then goes over into our very blood stream eventually building up our body. The life of our soul is sustained by Christ's Flesh and Blood. In fact unless we nourish our soul with this Food, our soul will die. We have Christ's own words for this: 'Amen, amen, I say to you, unless you eat of the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.' Important? Not important, absolutely necessary.

Some of the men seemed a bit uneasy just at this point. Mr. Jackson was prepared for it. Perhaps you are wondering," he pointed out, "if the Body and Blood of Christ are changed into our body just as natural food. The species are, that's true, but not the Flesh and Blood of Christ. I happened to find in one of the pamphlets that I read a very fine quotation from St. Augustine on this very point. He solves this question by saying: 'We are changed into Christ, not Christ into us.' I think that will take care of the point for the present; more argument would deter from our anal-

ogy. However, if someone has more to ask about this, he can bring it up in the discussion." Mr. Jackson smiled broadly as he read the last sentence.

"No matter how hard we try to arrange our diet so as to keep in perfect health, we sometimes get sick. Here is something that food cannot do. Food will not cure a serious illness.

Say, for example, a person has appendicitis. No amount of food will cure him; it will only make matters worse. So, too, the Holy Eucharist will not cure a soul in mortal sin; however, Father said that there is one exception to this. Penance, not the Holy Eucharist, is the Sacrament that will revive a soul in mortal sin. However, the reception of the Eucharist will cure minor ills of the soul; that is, if a soul is not attached to venial sin, the reception of Christ's Body and Blood will take away venial sins from the soul.

"We said that food sustains our life; it does more, it builds up our body and gives us increased health, increased life. The Eucharistic Bread builds up our soul, fills it with an increase of sanctifying grace. By the Holy Eucharist our soul is united in a most wonderful manner with the Author of Grace; the closer the union with Christ, the fuller our life. In this connection we might apply those very words of our Lord: 'I came that you might have life and have it more abundantly.' He comes in Holy Communion for that very reason—to increase the divine life within us.

"There is one thing that no food, not even 'Vitamized Bread,'" Mr. Jackson paused for a short second, "has ever professed to be able to do, that is, confer immortality. No matter how much a person eats, or how well he regulates his eating, there is a time appointed for every man to die. There is one food that does give immortality, the Holy Eucharist. To every soul who receives the Body of Christ with the proper dispositions Christ has promised eternal life. He Himself has said: 'He who eats My Flesh has life everlasting, and I will raise him up on the last day.'

"Is it any wonder, then, when the devotion of the Faithful had grown cold, and wicked men were striving to keep souls away from this life-giving Bread, that the saintly Pius X issued his decree on Holy Communion? By his famous document he

WRITE DOWN VICTORY

Martha M. Boutwell

* * Write down victory, * *

* * Erase defeat. * *

No one is conquered,

When he can repeat

Words of courage

That rise above

Bloody battle

And echo

love.

*

Only two things are necessary for any one to receive and partake of the Royal Banquet: 1) that our soul be in the state of grace; 2) that we have the proper intention, i.e., desire to please Christ and fill our soul with His graces." Mr. Jackson paused to turn pages. "If we realized what the Holy Eucharist does for our soul, would there be a 'run' on the Banquet Table each morning? People go for 'Vitamized Bread' because it tastes good, because it contains those vitamins which build up our body. Why is it that so many permit their souls to starve when the Eucharistic Bread can be had so easily? Or we might look at it from a different angle. Due to the gallant efforts of Pius X our Catholic people are now eagerly seeking that Eucharistic Bread that delights the soul, that Bread filled with that one great vitamin, Grace, which builds up the soul, that Life-giving Bread which gives immortality to our soul.

"We call the new bread 'Vitamized Bread.' What shall we call the Eucharistic Bread? It does not only give vitamins, it gives life. Not 'Vitamized Bread' but 'Vitalized Bread'—life-giving!"

The last words of Mr. Jackson had hardly died, before the men broke out in applause. From the looks on their faces Father Smith could easily tell that it was not a flattering applause but an expression of real appreciation to Mr. Jackson.

"Thank you, Mr. Jackson, began the Chairman, Mr. Wintergreen, after the applause had died out. "I sincerely believe that only a grocer could have handled the topic as you have." This was met with a good, generous laugh.

"I know," continued the Chairman, "that you are all anxious to begin the discussion. Who has something to start the ball rolling?"

A hand went up at the far end of the table. It

exhorted all to receive the Holy Eucharist frequently and also decreed that the little children; properly instructed, be permitted to receive. We today are reaping the benefits of this decree. The Pope saw souls starving, because they felt that they were not worthy to approach the Royal Banquet. Do we take food because we are in perfect health or strong? No, we take food because we feel weak, hungry, need nourishment. So, too, we receive the Holy Eucharist, not because we are perfect, but that we might become perfect.

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A hand went up at the far end of the table. It

was Nick Lauder's. "All right, Mr. Lauder, you have the floor."

"I want to say that I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Jackson's paper. When we first went to see Father Smith, we told him that we were hungry. I have a not too faint suspicion that this is the reason why we began with a paper on the Holy Eucharist. If this was the purpose, it certainly succeeded. We have the answer to our question, our innermost desire for food. It is 'Vitalized Bread.'" Nick's voice softened a bit as he ended. A rough and ready man, good to the very heart's core, who had found something he had been longing for.

"Mr. Chairman." Three of the men spoke at once.

"That's the way we like to have it, enthusiastic discussion. However, we can have only one at a time. Mr. Cassidy, I believe that you spoke first." Mr. Wintergreen looked to Mr. Cassidy, about the center of the table.

"There is one important effect of the Holy Eucharist which we might bring out in our discussion. Using Mr. Jackson's very effective comparison we might best explain this effect of the Holy Eucharist by comparing it to the effect of an ordinary ban-

quet. You all have often experienced the effect that a banquet, good food, and a bit of good wine, has on a group of men." All smiled when Mr. Jackson mentioned the wine. "A banquet makes for good fellowship; the group becomes one and all grow in the knowledge and esteem of one another.

"Now the Eucharistic Banquet has a similar, but much more elevated, effect. By the reception of Christ's Body and Blood we are drawn into greater union with one another through greater union with Christ. Surely Christ, Who wants us to love one another as He has loved us, gives us this grace when we receive Him in the Eucharist. Often I have been amazed to see men who, on the outside, were very great opponents, kneel side by side to receive the Eucharistic Food. No doubt you wonder what good that does if they go out and are still bitter opponents. Sometimes it may seem that way, but I am sure that they have drawn closer to each other by that Holy Communion. If such would receive the Holy Eucharist frequently, the spirit of charity would soon conquer in their hearts. If the various fraternal organizations of the world use banquets to create a better spirit of fraternal charity, why should we Catholics not partake of the Heavenly Banquet to become better friends?"

(Continued from page 270)

Ferron, and suggested that I ask her intercession in the removal of this growth. That evening my husband and I started a Novena to Little Rose in conjunction with one to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

"The next day, Nov. 4, our baby was due for a checkup with the Pediatrician and while in the doctor's building, I decided to see one of the other physicians regarding this lump. He confirmed my suspicions that a goiter had developed, and said, it was of a type that could only be removed through surgery; however, before proceeding further, he advised that I have a metabolism test made, and though he gave me a prescription for medicine to take, he said he did not believe the medicine would help. Because of the baby and the necessity of finding someone to take care of her while I would be invalided and of course, too, because of the financial expense, I was a bit discouraged; however, I decided to do nothing with respect to carrying out his instructions as to the metabolism test until our Novena was completed.

"In the meantime, a friend of mine had been suffering severely from an attack of shingles, so I sent her a petal from this rose together with the only picture of Little Rose I had, told her the story of her life as related to me and suggested that she wear this petal and pray to Little Rose. On Thursday, Nov. 7, she called me and said that when she received the petal, she made a little pocket for it to protect it, and then pinned it on herself. Little Rose's face so strongly appealed to her, she said, she knew she would be better shortly. That evening she retired for the night about 7 P.M. and did not awaken again until 6 A.M. the next morning. This she said was the first time that she had slept for more than two hours at a time since she contracted the shingles about six or eight weeks previous. She attributed this marvelous change (and naturally she felt better for such a good rest) to Little Rose's intercession.

"Now to return to my story. After talking to my friend, my spirits, which honestly were sinking, were a bit revived, although I still thought

the doctor's diagnosis was correct and that unless this goiter were removed I would have an unsightly growth on my neck for years. Each evening before retiring I wrapped this petal in a handkerchief and wound it around my neck, removing it in the morning; however, after going through this procedure on Thursday night, I did not remove the handkerchief on Friday at all, and when cleaning up only washed my neck above and below it, not bothering to look at my neck to see whether or not the goiter was gone, until after dinner Friday night.

"While sitting in the living room with my husband and baby that evening, Denny (my husband) said he thought the goiter seemed to be smaller, but I merely scoffed at this and didn't bother to look for myself. That evening after saying our prayers, I again wrapped my neck in the usual manner and on Saturday morning about 10:00 A.M. while dressing to start out on the usual shopping tour, I looked at my neck and really it had returned to its normal size; and to this day the goiter has not reappeared."

Open Letter to a Sailor

Hello, Skipper,

Before you hit the sack tonight you won't mind being gently tossed about by a few verbal waves. So open sails and catch this breeze! Your priestly brother, landlubber though he be, hopes by his chattering to make the sailing easier, whether you're gazing restfully at the overhead, scaling the ladder, pacing the quarter deck, or being ribbed without mercy by some friendly enemy! But you can take it (you always have) and should be able to keep your corners up.

At the present time I have my weather eye peeled on a book that is right down your stream. A few years back I might have said, "right down your alley," but that's out now. You're in the Navy now, brother! But about this book. In the lull that may follow in a month or more I hope you'll be able to squat on the deck and enjoy as much as I am enjoying that admirable life story of a Navy Chaplain of some twenty-five years sailing—"Rig for Church" by Father Maguire—or, to be more technical, and in accord with the service lingo—Captain William A. Maguire (Ch C), U.S.N. I have been noticing with amusement those "sea terms" he so well uses in a definite attempt to make you want to write back to one who, though he isn't a bewhiskered old sea dog, yet doesn't feel too much a green gob when speaking of things maritime.

Well, well, this typewriter seems to make one go on and on and say nothing, but I'll let out some more spray (I suppose in our younger days we'd call it "hot air"). But I like "spray" now. Has a little bit of the touch of the sea. But on second thought, maybe your seagoing mates prefer to speak of the gentle "breeze" that many a time has its beginning in the mouth of some old blustering tar. We used to have a way of saying it—"Shootin' the—" ah, mate, you catch on fast.

But, shiver my timbers lad, it's good to know that in spite of the rough seas of the past weeks (don't let those difficulties you mentioned submerge you) my sailor brother is keeping an even keel and has his hands on the controls. Nice going, brother. Don't give up the ship! You know better than I do who said that and when and why.

The Invasion—let us pray hard. Since you are not in the thick of the battle, receive our Lord as often as you can now, because you may have few opportunities later.

Out on the sea—day after day—I wonder what your thoughts are. That ship you're sailing—you're proud of her, aren't you? Best ship in the Fleet—from truck to keel she's It. You know every new gadget and can speak volumes about the latest wrinkle on the ship—in forward turret or in the galley. You'd die for the ship. They tell me any sailor would.

I've been thinking, too, about you out there! Thinking how our Lord loved the Sea, rode in a boat and sailed the Sea. And I'm asking Him to help you and keep you.

And your love and praise of your Ship got me to thinking still more! And I'm all the more proud of my Ship. Yep, as one Navy man to another, I'm proud of my Ship.

For a moment you thought I was "off the beam," didn't you? I haven't even seen the ocean—and I speak of my Ship. But I guess the thought has struck you before—and it doesn't seem so strange after all that I said, "I'm proud of my Ship," proud to be an officer, not the top-ranking, but an officer, nevertheless. In fact, recently that thought has been a great help. In case you are in the dark about my meaning, here it is in a nut shell.

Very often the Church is referred to as the Bark of Peter—a Ship riding the sometimes calm, and sometimes turbulent sea of life, following the compass given her by the Divine Ship Builder, aiming at landing all her passengers, who entered with their baptismal passport, on the shores of eternity. And there are officers aboard that Ship—of which I am one—though unworthy—God's priests.

So, as one Navy man to another—your priestly brother returns your snappy salute!

Brotherly love!

Father Lou.

Let's Browse around



All Books may be ordered from The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana

LOST ISLAND

By James Norman Hall

IN A brief, compressed after-dinner recollection, George Dodd, an American engineer back from the South Pacific, recounts the impressions which disturb him as a result of transforming an idyllic atoll into a barren, destruction-laden advance base for the American navy. That is the entire story: that and the unanswerable sense of guilt that a world of war must destroy a world of peace. Both the engineer and the reader are as incapable of doing anything about the *fait accompli* as the natives were to understand that the Japanese and the Americans—neither of whom they had ever seen—were at grips, and that the island civilization had to be removed in one way lest it be destroyed in another.

The effect of the upheaval is observed first in the account of Father Vincent, the Catholic missionary who had converted all but three of the islanders. The position he holds, as spiritual and temporal leader of his flock, is, in the main, well presented. His church, a masterpiece of simple beauty and elaborately decorated with native motifs, and his garden, have been the result of thirty years' care. Two hours' work by bulldozers removes all trace. Transferred to a spit of coral eight miles distant, standing in desolation among his uprooted wards, he is too old to bring them more than the comfort of words.

The focus is brought to bear for a moment on the remaining pagan on the atoll, a silent figure well past the century mark, who had remem-

bered the old Polynesian gods and traditions, and had recited this lore to recorders lest it be lost to time. His hut and his cocoanut palms obstruct the bombers' runway, and he paddles to a reef which is out of range.

Obviously, the story is a sentimental gesture, which stops short of falseness by the artistry of Mr. Hall's style. One does wonder why the population cannot sail to another island, as their ancestors did, but it is to be presumed that all atolls will soon share the fate of this one. While the closeness of the island to paradise is stressed, the primitivistic approach is not a false one.

There are only two touches which mar the worth of the whole, and limit the recommendation to adult rather than widespread reading. Viggo describes Father Vincent as "a Christian first and a Catholic afterward. That's the way it should be"; in illustration, a schooner captain recalls how the priest once canceled Sunday Mass so that all the villagers might take advantage of a rainy spell to plant their crops. A half-hour pause would hardly have interfered with business, and it is too tolerant of the missionary to say, in defence of his defection, that there is "more than one way of worshipping the Lord." Mr. Hall, like so many other novelists of the moment, has come under the sway of Oriental "mysticism": after Dodd has read the translation of the old pagan theology, he concludes that the song of the creation by the "Almighty-God-of-the-Cosmic-Night" is "immeasurably the more vivid" in con-

trast to "our own sacred writings." Otherwise, the novel is an excellent, unpretentious narrative, which forces on the reader the contemplation of similar destruction along the coasts of Europe. Price \$2.00.

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE

By H. E. Bates

JOHAN FRANKLIN, an R.A.F. captain, and his crew of four sergeants are forced to crash land in occupied France and to lie in hiding on a peasant's farm until papers are prepared for them and the way made smooth for a return to England. There is good psychological portraiture of the jumpiness of the men as they hide by day and walk, singly, by night, and also in the fumbling attempts of Franklin to become used to a stump of an arm, amputated to check the gangrene which followed the plane's crackup. Beyond this there is nothing: the answers are obvious at the beginning to the three questions: will Franklin get better? will he and his men escape? will Franklin fall in love with Françoise, the only girl within miles? The love affair into which they tumble is the result of loneliness and pity and pain, and the physical side is presented in detail. There is no preparation from the point of view of character. The French family is declared to be a devoutly Catholic one, and Françoise talks beautifully about the power of faith. Yet the author has her conclude that there is no difference in religions, fall prey to the first traveler, run off with him to the Spanish border and there seek

an Anglican cleric to perform a belated ceremony. Her father, suddenly and with no warning on the part of the writer, commits suicide after the Germans have put to death a hundred hostages in the neighboring village. He explains, in a brief speech before his death, that the act had driven insane the woman he had once loved. The escape to neutral territory is achieved by way of considerable bribery and, as the gendarmes find fault with the papers, one of the sergeants who has been placed by the author near the customs office, diverts their attention. The pair escape, of course, the sergeant dies in his sacrifice, and for some reason not made quite clear France and England are saved.

Because of the approval of immorality and the girl's firm denial of any sense of guilt, because of the acceptance of suicide as a "way out," and especially because of the stifling frequency of blasphemy—one stops counting after the first sixty examples—there is no reason to recommend the novel. Mature readers who are in the sad position of having nothing to do with their spare time may waste an hour on it. Price \$2.50

TEN YEARS IN JAPAN

By Joseph C. Grew

We want peace, not war, but the surest way to court war is to follow a weak and defeatist policy... The best way to ensure peace is... preparedness without aggressiveness, and protection of our rightful interests interpreted in the spirit of the good neighbor... There is nothing that the Oriental respects so much as strength, and nothing that conduces to his aggressiveness so much as weakness (p. 154).

Mr. Grew wrote this in April, 1935. It is his blueprint for managing Japan, and its prudence has been tragically vindicated by events.

Ten Years in Japan is a well-edited selection of passages from the Ambassador's diary covering the whole period of his official sojourn in the Far East. As such, it cannot fail to be of the highest importance in filling out the record of American-Japanese relations from 1932 to the day of Pearl Harbor. In conjunction with his even more valuable official despatches, it will be a prime

source for future students of the diplomatic preliminaries to our war with Japan.

There is nothing startlingly new in these pages, but much confirmation of conclusions which, after the outbreak of war, we belatedly reached. For instance, no one who reads Mr. Grew's dispassionate report of openly-professed Japanese aims since 1932 can doubt that the Tokyo militarists sought to secure complete economic and political control of the whole Far Eastern Pacific area, and that they meditated, as a necessary means to this end, the forceful extinction of American and British economic and political power in that part of the world.

The American Ambassador was one of the few who gauged the danger correctly and in good time, but he had a serious deficiency: he could not perform miracles. He could not convince the Japanese war party that the United States would really fight to maintain her position in the Pacific, and, unaided, he could not persuade American public opinion so to convince the Japanese. One of the striking facts revealed by the diary is the direct and continuous relation between pacifist moves by private individuals or private organizations in the United States and increased boldness on the part of the Japanese government.

Wherefore this book is the story of the failure of a mission but not of a diplomatist. Mr. Grew was not fooled, he gave consistently the true picture to Washington, and, at Tokyo, he did what he could with the cards he had. If, as Talleyrand said, diplomacy is the evidence of the possible, the American Ambassador's record stands unimpeached.

The diary makes some good points with regard to the vast difference of mentality between the East and the West. Our failure fully to perceive this difference made opportunities for Japanese diplomatic deceit.

The Westerner believes that because the Japanese has adopted Western dress, language, and customs he must think like a Westerner. No greater error can be made. This is one of the reasons why treaty commitments between the West and the East will always

be open to misinterpretation... It isn't that the Japanese necessarily has his tongue in his cheek when he signs the obligation. It merely means that when that obligation runs counter to his own interests, as he conceives them, he will interpret the obligation to suit himself... (p. 84).

Mr. Grew presents some excellent *genre* pictures of the softer peacetime side of Japanese civilization, and he holds out hope that we can do business with the more decent governing class of the nation, after the militarists are rooted out. Warmly recommended for the student (college or advanced) of Far Eastern affairs, and for the general reader who seeks solidity rather than the spectacular. Price \$3.75

AN APOSTLE OF YOUTH

By Rev. Joseph P. Riley, C.P.S., Ph.D.

THIS IS a small book, copiously illustrated, telling the story of Father Bertoni, now the Venerable Gaspar Bertoni, founder of the Stigmatines. The purpose of the account, according to the author's foreword, is to satisfy the requests of those who are desirous of learning more about the Stigmatines and especially about their founder. Father Bertoni is called "An apostle of Youth" and this sketch shows him in that role.

BOOKLETS (All to be ordered from Carmelite Press, 55 Demarest Ave., Englewood, New Jersey.)

Why We Are Catholics by Albert H. Dolan—A Defense of Fundamental Catholic Teachings, intended for thinking Catholics. (Cloth \$1.00, Paper .50)

Where the Little Flower Seems Nearest by Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm. (Price 15¢)

The Little Flower's Mother by Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm. (Price 15¢)

Letters of the Little Flower's Mother by Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm. (Price 10¢)

Scapular Facts, A Convenient Handbook of Practical Information about Our Lady's Scapular by Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm. (Price 10¢)

Courtesy at the Telephone

Julia Wolfe

Courtesy at the telephone is quite as important as courtesy toward a person who stands face to face with you. The fact that you cannot see a person at the other end of the line, or in some cases, do not know who it is, in no wise excuses a word or manner that you would not employ in addressing a friend.

It is not at all uncommon for a person who would not think of insulting anyone intentionally to pick up the telephone receiver and say, "well, what is it; what do you want?" Such a person need not be surprised if he hears the calm reply. "Not you, thank you; please let me speak to some other member of the firm—or family." Many business men suffer financial loss because they or their employees lack common courtesy in the use of the telephone; many could trace the reason for their unpopularity to occasions when they showed bad temper at the telephone. The person at the other end of the line was not to blame if the mail was late, or if mistakes had been made the day before. They called with good will in their hearts, but often the greetings received leave a permanent scar.

Anyone would resent a stranger's coming to the door and demanding "Who are you?" or "Who is it?" Yet often a person who has called a number on the telephone will begin, "Hello! Who is this?" If his demand is met with the counterquestion, "Whom do you want?" and he still insists, "Who is this?" the person who answered the telephone is justified in hanging up the receiver. The correct way to answer the 'phone is by saying: "This is Mr. Blank's office" or "This is Midtown 480."

The person who invariably says, "Hello! Do you know who this is? Don't you recognize my voice? Well, now give a guess who I am," never realizes how foolish or what a nuisance she is. One woman had that fault brought to her attention when, after the friend at the other end of the line had "guessed"

correctly at once, she persisted, "How did you know me when I disguised my voice?"

"Because," came the response, "you always ask me if I know who it is, and you always want me to guess."

Sometimes, when answering the telephone, you find that the person at the other end of the line has made a mistake in the number. It may be that as you leave the instrument you say, "I should like to know that woman." Her voice was very pleasant, and when she found that this was not the place that she was trying to get she said, "I am very sorry to have troubled you; central must have misunderstood the number."

On the other hand, it may be that when the stranger discovered her mistake she merely hung up the receiver without a word of apology or explanation; then you go away feeling insulted and indignant. To hang up the receiver, as a way of shutting off a conversation, is quite the worst insult that can be offered to a person. It will cost you little to be courteous even to the most annoying person.

Everyone should know the principles of courtesy to be observed in using "a party line" in the country, yet there are hundreds of persons who, for one reason or another, are compelled to use such lines and who cannot even order a list of groceries without hearing one receiver after another come down off the hook, and so knowing that a long line of listening ears are taking in every word.

Then there is "central," who does her best under conditions that are enough to distract anyone. Having only two hands and two ears, of course she makes mistakes. But she knows who the real gentle women and gentlemen are on her exchange, and who are not. Her judgment in such matters is usually sound, for she is in a good position to train it.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed please find an offering for the furtherance of the cause of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for favors received. J. A. (Minn.)

I want to thank Brother Meinrad for his prayers in our behalf. A friend of mine was arrested without hope of an early release. I prayed to Brother Meinrad and the release was obtained. A. G. (Pa.)

Recently I prayed to Brother Meinrad for a favor. It was granted today. In gratitude I am enclosing a small gift of thanksgiving. C. G. (Ind.)

Please say a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for a favor granted me. L. K. (Ohio)

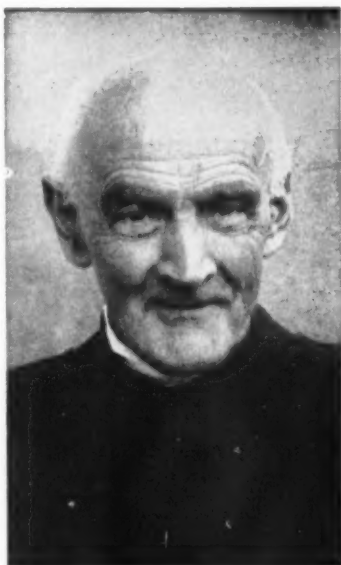
I have been praying to Brother Meinrad daily and now I want to report that a member of the family has obtained a position which was very difficult to get—this after trying nearly two years for the particular place. Also have had a successful operation which brought remarkable improvement in health. M. O'M. (Pa.)

I wish to report the obtaining of a favor through Brother Meinrad. My husband and myself had prayed for months for better paying work without results. Then we started praying to Brother Meinrad and in a few weeks we both obtained good work. S. P. (Ill.)

Enclosed is an offering in honor of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for prayers answered. M. L. (Ind.)

Please find enclosed an offering for a special favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. R. D. (Iowa)

I wish to acknowledge a favor received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad and Little Rose Ferron, for which I promised publication. L. M. (N. J.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1928 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin whom I asked to help me after having a paralytic stroke two weeks before Easter. I am now on the way to recovery and promised publication in the Grail if I got help. B. C. R. (Ind.)

I am enclosing an offering for Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for many favors received. L. R. (Wis.)

My mother has been quite ill. I was afraid her toe would have to be cut off. Every night and every day I placed the relic of Brother Meinrad on her toe. With the help of the relic of Brother Meinrad and my prayers and the faith I have the doctor told me the toe would not have to be removed. M. R. (N. J.)

Enclosed please find offering for favors obtained through Our Blessed Lady and Brother Meinrad. S. C. (Calif.)

My employer—a non-Catholic—had a very important business deal pending and anticipated considerable difficulty. When I told him I had prayed to Brother Meinrad for success and had promised an offering he said that he would add an offering himself if Brother helped us. The next day all the papers were signed and the deal completed. E. B. (Okla.)

Please find enclosed offering in thanksgiving for Brother Meinrad's helping us in our trials and sickness. N. M. P. (Ind.)

I promised Brother Meinrad publication in THE GRAIL if I regained my health, and as I received the favor I should like to have it published. I also promised a Mass for another favor. A. V. (Calif.)

I wish to acknowledge the answer to my first novena to Brother Meinrad on the fourth day. Sr. M. R. (Ia.)



Please send us your complete
address with new Zone number.

SEGRETERIA DI STATO
DI
SUA SANTITÀ

FROM THE VATICAN, May 9, 1944.

No. 69310

Dear Father Abbot:

Through the kindness of the Apostolic Delegate the volume "National Liturgical Week 1942," so thoughtfully sent by you, has reached the Holy Father Who has now entrusted me with the honored duty of conveying to you the expression of His grateful acknowledgment.

It is noted that in the Foreword the statement appears that the Liturgical Revival rests on solid Catholic doctrine and its promoters are fully aware of the dangers of superficial enthusiasm and of the constant need of the discipline and restraint of genuine scholarship. By adhering to this norm and by avoiding exaggerated innovations one may well hope that, through your movement, the sublime liturgy of our Holy Church may come to be ever better known and loved.

His Holiness desires me to convey to you and, through you, to those associated with you in spreading the liturgical spirit among American Catholics, His paternal Apostolic Blessing.

I very gladly avail myself of this occasion to convey to you, Father Abbot, the expression of my very high esteem, and with kind personal regards, I remain

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

+ Laurentius Cardinal Maglione

L. Card. Maglione

Right Reverend
Dom Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.
Abbot, St. Meinrad's Abbey

ST. MEINRAD, Indiana.

****** A copy of LITURGICAL WEEK, Volume III, will be sent to you postpaid for \$1.50. This is the volume that His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, refers to in the above letter. Order from THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

